

# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 87

18p



**INVADERS  
FROM THE  
BLACK STAR**



# STARBLAZER




THE PEACE-KEEPING FORCES OF THE TERRAN FEDERATION SET UP AN IMPREGNABLE PERIMETER ROUND THE SECTOR OF THE GALAXY CONTAINING THE FEDERATION STAR-SYSTEMS.

THE FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME CONTAINED WORM-HOLES WHICH LED DIRECTLY TO OTHER SECTORS OF THE UNIVERSE, BUT ALL THESE HAD BEEN CHARTED AND WERE GUARDED BY SPACE-FORTS WITH GARRISON SQUADRONS ON CONSTANT STAND-BY.

A BREACH OF THE DEFENSIVE PERIMETER WAS CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE: A BREACH WITHIN THE IMMEDIATE APPROACHES TO HIGH-COMMAND HEAD-QUARTERS WAS UNTHINKABLE . . . AND YET IT HAPPENED!

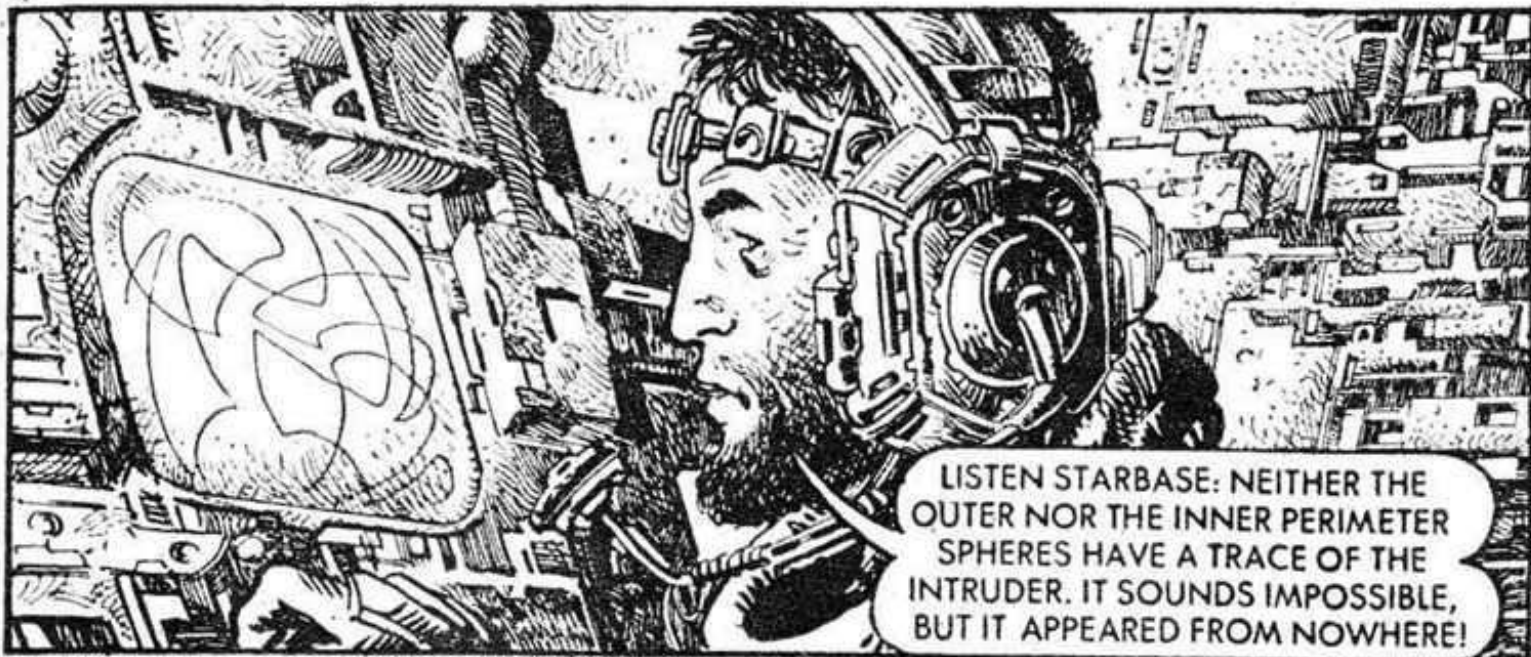
# INVADERS FROM THE BLACK STAR

**T**HE GARRISON ON THE TERRAN INNER- DEFENCE NET RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY TO AN UNEXPECTED INTRUDER —

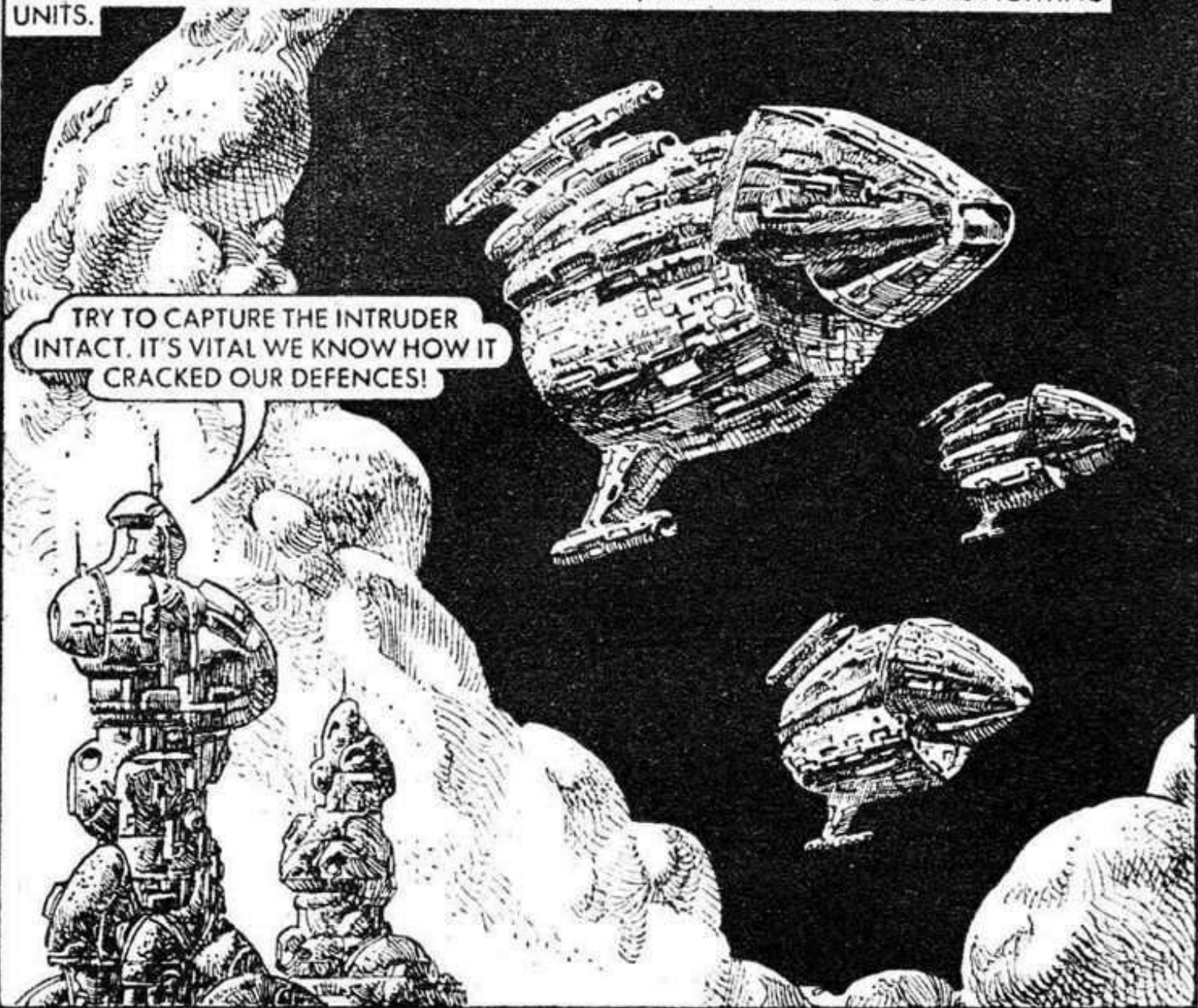


WHERE DID THAT CRAFT COME FROM? HIT THE ALARM BUTTON—IT'S ON A COLLISION COURSE.





STARBASE, ON A PLANET AT THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY, MAINTAINED A SQUADRON FOR ESCORT DUTIES. FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER KNOWN, THEY WERE LAUNCHED AS FIGHTING UNITS.





THE YOUNGEST PILOT IN THE SQUADRON WAS RUSSEL TAUR —

THIS IS GOING TO BE TRICKY.  
THAT CRAFT IS SO MUCH  
LARGER THAN OURS.

THE EARTH CRAFT MOVED IN —

LEADER TO ALL UNITS: IT DOESN'T  
RESPOND TO ANY CHALLENGE CALL-  
SIGNS. DEPLOY INTO ATTACK FORMATION.





6  
THE SQUADRON DEPLOYED INTO AN ENCIRCLING FORMATION AND GOT A TRACTOR-BEAM HOLD ON THE ALIEN CRAFT —

TAKE THE STRAIN THEN TRY TO  
SHIFT HER FIVE DEGREES INTO THE GREEN.

THE ALIEN CRAFT WAS DIVERTED, AND THE COLLISION WITH STARBASE ONE WAS AVERTED.

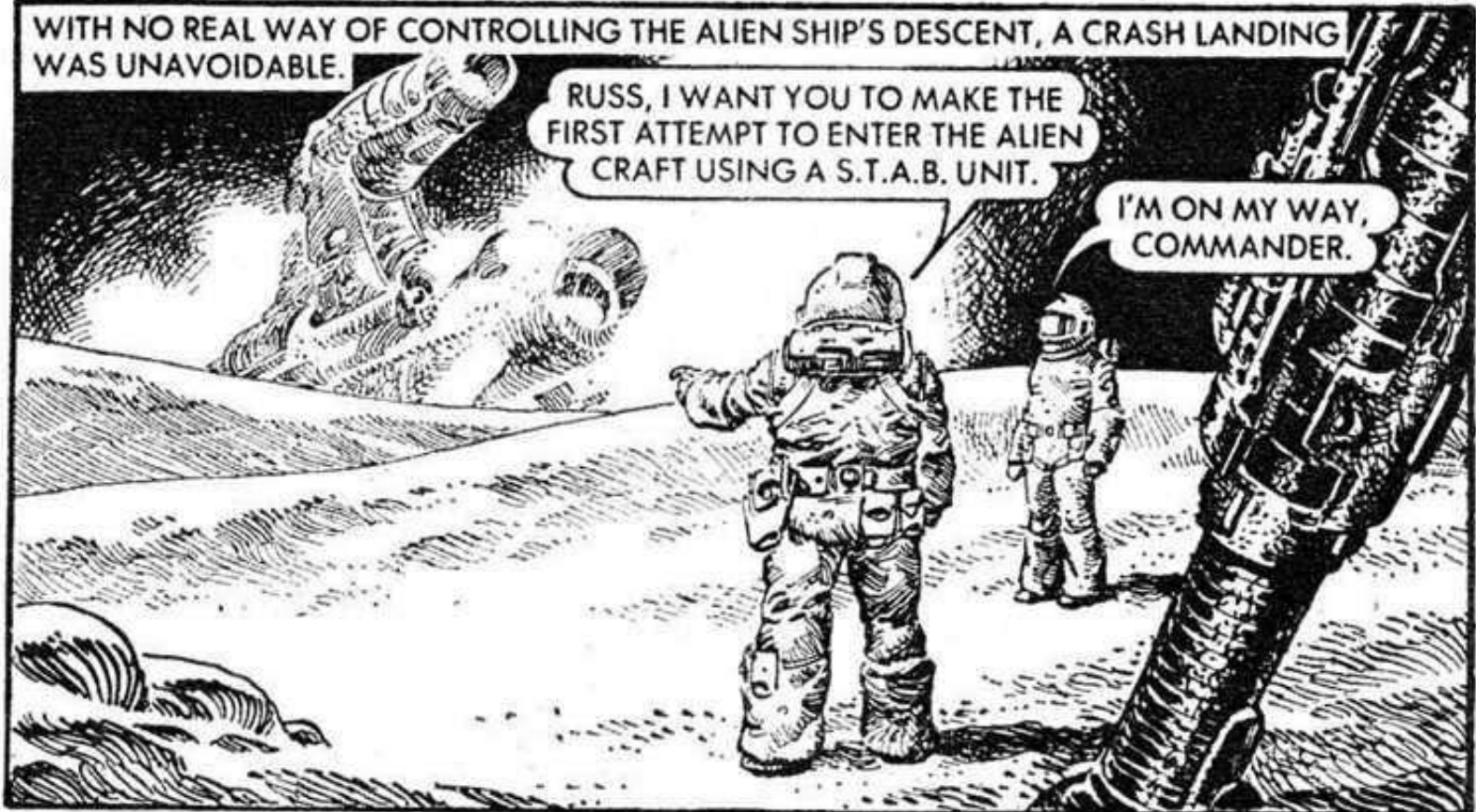
SET DOWN IN THE DESERT WHERE  
WE CAN USE NEUTRITE MISSILES IF NEED BE.



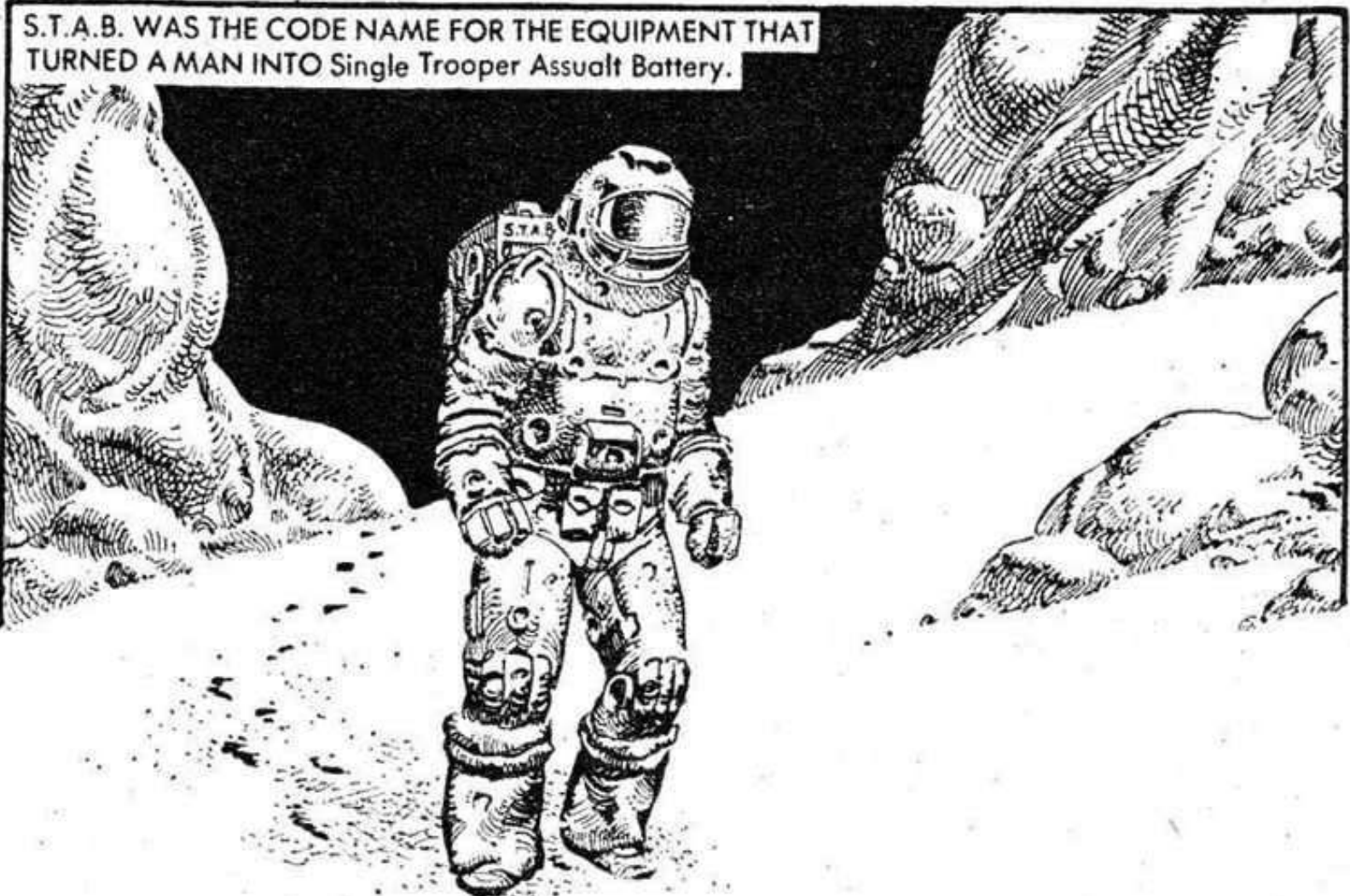
WITH NO REAL WAY OF CONTROLLING THE ALIEN SHIP'S DESCENT, A CRASH LANDING WAS UNAVOIDABLE.

RUSS, I WANT YOU TO MAKE THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE ALIEN CRAFT USING A S.T.A.B. UNIT.

I'M ON MY WAY, COMMANDER.



S.T.A.B. WAS THE CODE NAME FOR THE EQUIPMENT THAT TURNED A MAN INTO Single Trooper Assault Battery.






THE SENSORS REGISTER A VOID  
BEHIND THIS SECTION OF HULL. THAT  
MAKES IT SUITABLE FOR A NEW  
DOORWAY.

JUPE! WHAT A CRAFT! THE ORGANIC  
SEARCH PROBE REGISTERS A FAINT TRACE  
OF LIFE-FORM SOMEWHERE AT THE CENTRE  
OF THE SHIP.








I'M ALMOST AT THE SHIP'S CORE, AND NEITHER MAN NOR MACHINE HAS MADE ANY MOVE AGAINST ME, YET THERE'S LIFE OF SOME SORT ON BOARD.

THE ORGANIC SEARCH PROBE SHOWS LIFE IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THIS DOOR. I'LL BLOW THE HINGES AND STORM THEM WITH STUNN-GAZ GRENADES.



BUT THE HATCH SWUNG OPEN BEFORE RUSS COULD  
FIRE HIS BLAST-PACKS.



GREETINGS MAN OF TERRAN-SPACE,  
YOU MAY ENTER WITHOUT FEAR FOR  
YOUR WELL-BEING.

THE ALIEN'S WORDS REACHED RUSS ON A SUB-CONSCIOUS  
LEVEL — MIND SPEAKING TO MIND WITHOUT THE NEED FOR LANGUAGE.



11

THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME, TERRAN-MAN. MY BODY HAS SUFFERED STRESSES WHICH WILL END ITS FUNCTIONING. I MUST GIVE YOU THE CONTENTS OF MY MIND BEFORE THE BODY-SUPPORT SYSTEM DIES. REMOVE YOUR HELMET AND BRING YOUR FACE CLOSE TO MINE, OTHERWISE YOUR WHOLE WORLD MAY BE ENSLAVED, AS MINE HAS BEEN.

YOU SHOULD REALLY SPEAK TO HIGH-COMMAND, BUT IF TIME'S RUNNING SHORT, I'LL PASS YOUR MESSAGE ON.





RUSS FELT INFORMATION FLOWING INTO HIS HEAD —

IT'S AS IF MY MIND'S A  
COMPUTER STORAGE UNIT  
AND SOMEONE IS LOADING  
ME WITH NEW TAPES.



A STANDARD FITTING FOR  
A S.T.A.B. UNIT WAS A  
CAMERA TO MONITOR  
ACTION FOR THE BENEFIT  
OF THE BACK-UP FORCES.  
PICTURES OF  
RUSS'S STRANGE  
ENCOUNTER WITH THE  
ALIEN WERE BEING TRANS-  
MITTED TO THE  
SQUADRON-  
COMMANDER.

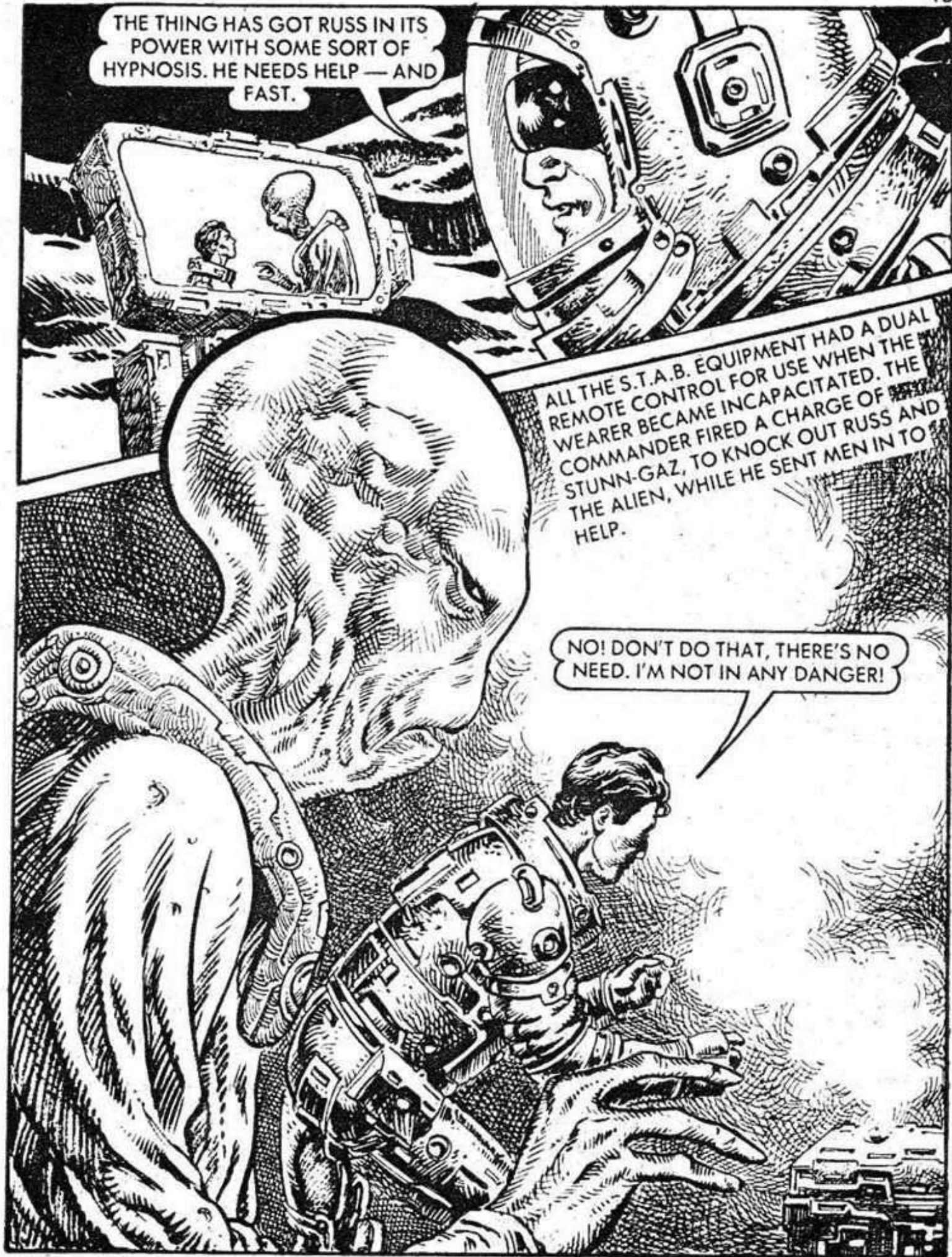





THE THING HAS GOT RUSS IN ITS  
POWER WITH SOME SORT OF  
HYPNOSIS. HE NEEDS HELP — AND  
FAST.

ALL THE S.T.A.B. EQUIPMENT HAD A DUAL  
REMOTE CONTROL FOR USE WHEN THE  
WEARER BECAME INCAPACITATED. THE  
COMMANDER FIRED A CHARGE OF  
STUNN-GAZ, TO KNOCK OUT RUSS AND  
THE ALIEN, WHILE HE SENT MEN IN TO  
HELP.

NO! DON'T DO THAT, THERE'S NO  
NEED. I'M NOT IN ANY DANGER!







I'M ... SORRY. THEY  
... MEANT NO H-HARM ...

DON'T WORRY ... IT WILL EASE  
MY PAIN BEFORE I GO  
FOREVER.

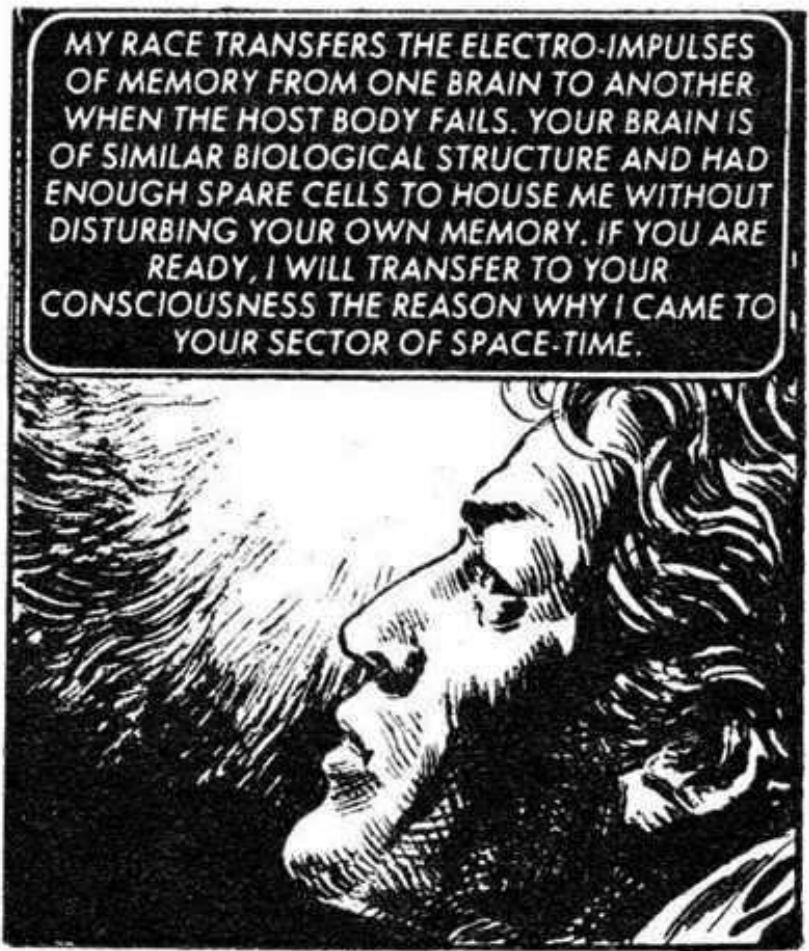
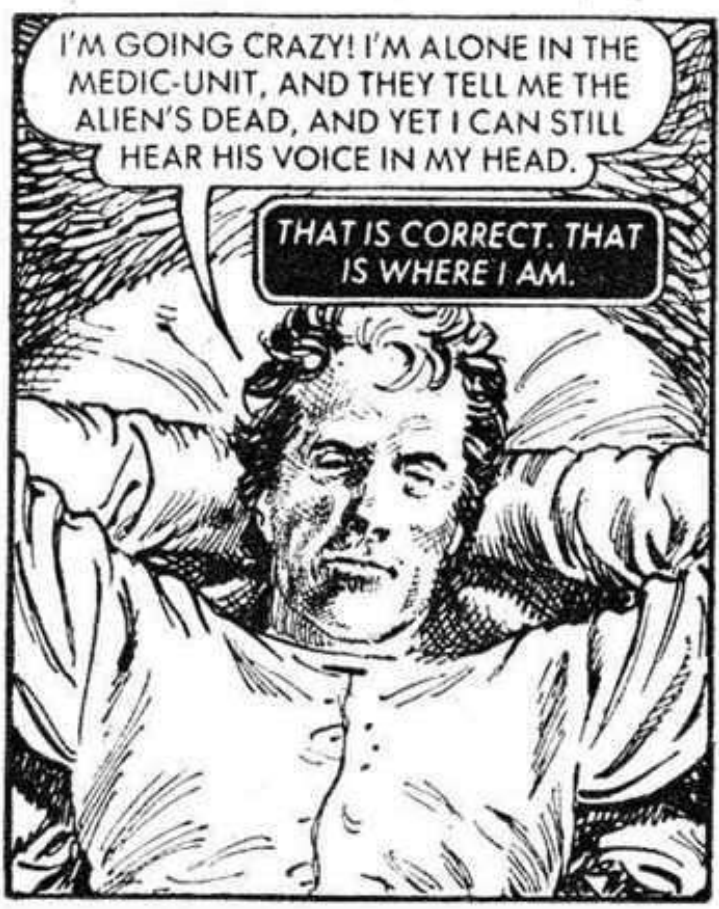
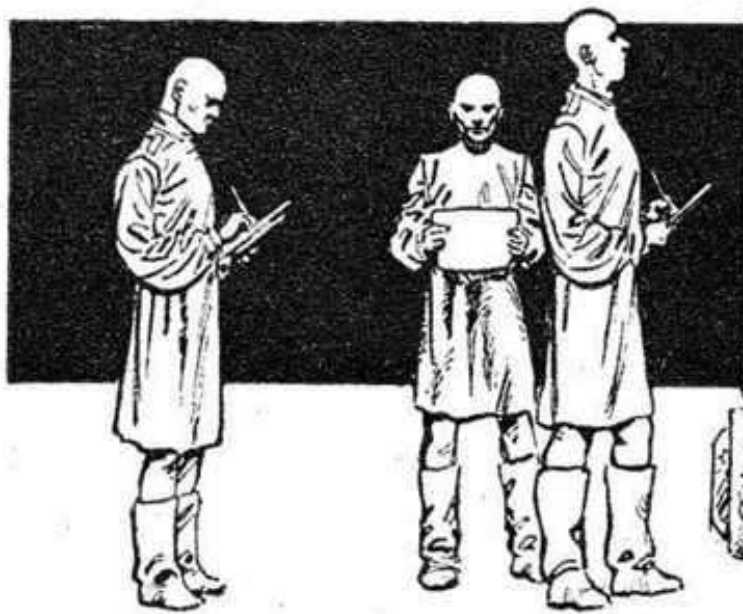
THEN RUSS COLLAPSED —

OTHERS ARRIVED —

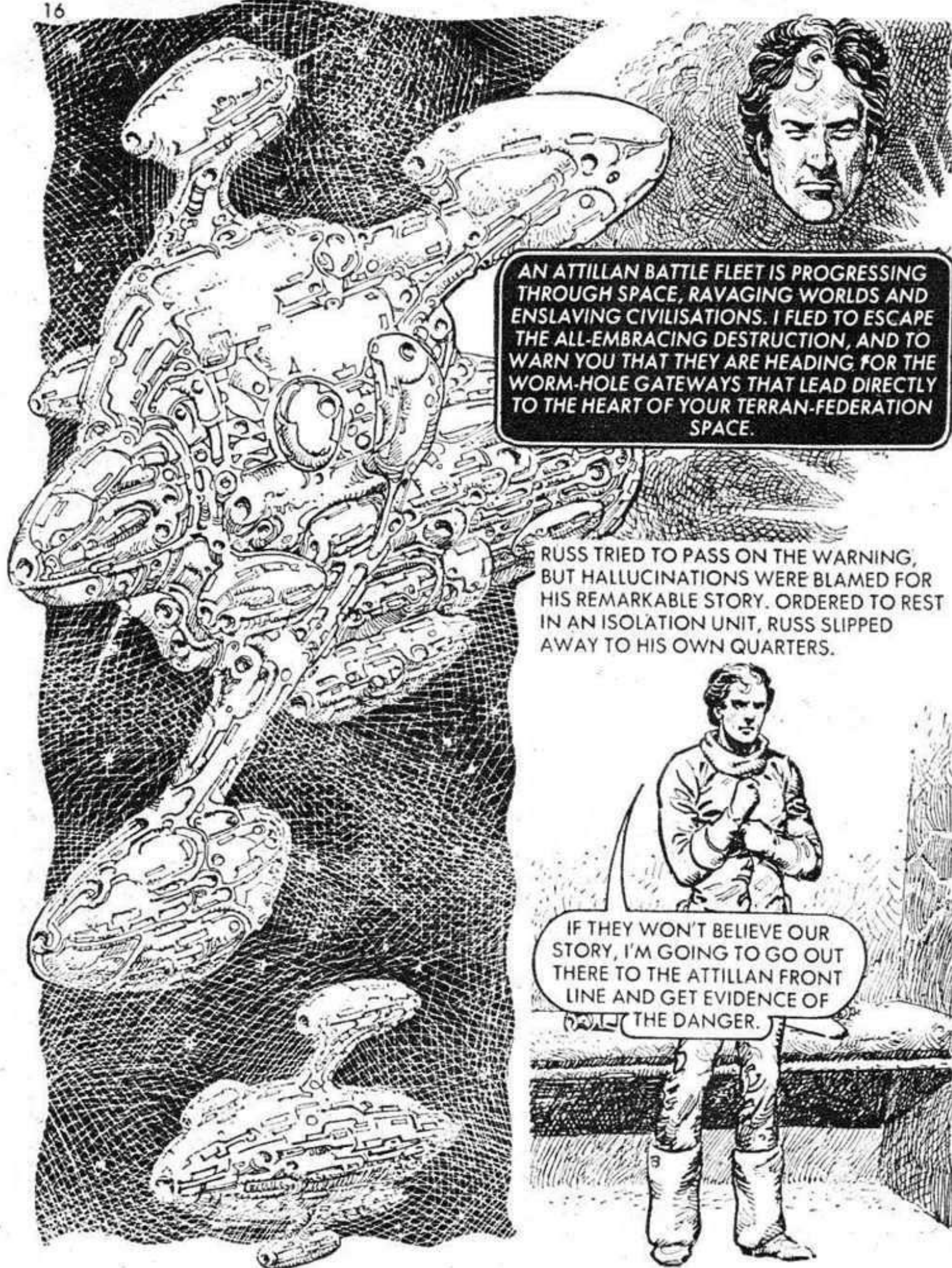
RUSS IS OUT — A SPELL IN THE  
MEDIC-POD WILL SEE HIM FIT AGAIN.

BAD NEWS ABOUT THE ALIEN FOR  
HIGH-COMMAND — IT SEEMS TO BE DEAD.

WHILE RUSS WAS PURGED OF ANY ILL-EFFECTS FROM THE STUNN-GAZ, STAR-FORCE SCIENTISTS SEARCHED THE ALIEN CRAFT FOR CLUES TO ITS ORIGIN, WITHOUT SUCCESS. THE DEATH OF THE ALIEN BEING WAS A MYSTERY. THE CORPSE HELD NO IDENTIFIABLE CAUSE OF DEATH. THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES WERE HOWEVER WHERE THEY WERE LEAST EXPECTED — WITHIN THE MEDIC-POD WITH RUSS.





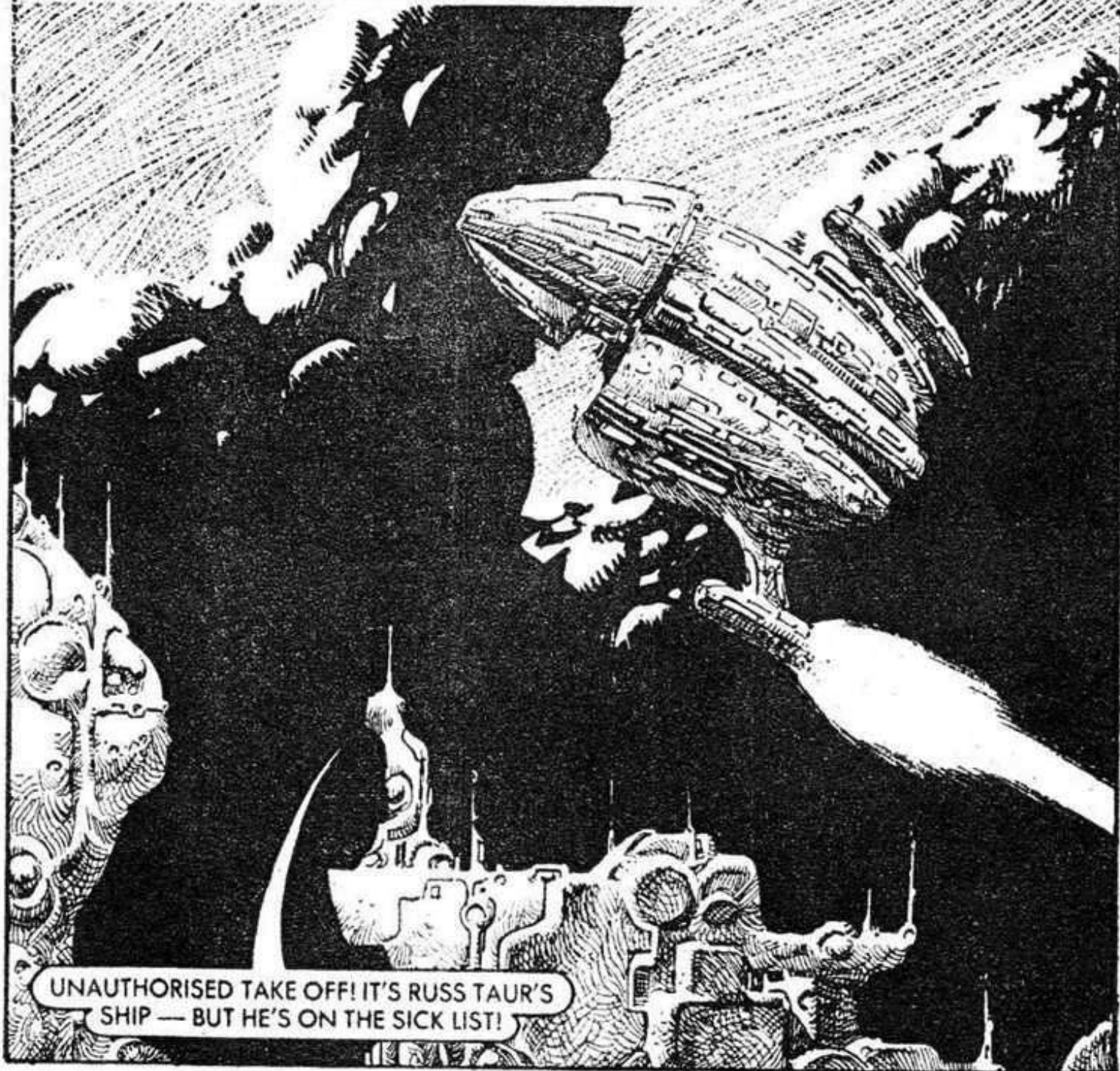


AN ATTILLAN BATTLE FLEET IS PROGRESSING THROUGH SPACE, RAVAGING WORLDS AND ENSLAVING CIVILISATIONS. I FLED TO ESCAPE THE ALL-EMBRACING DESTRUCTION, AND TO WARN YOU THAT THEY ARE HEADING FOR THE WORM-HOLE GATEWAYS THAT LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE HEART OF YOUR TERRAN-FEDERATION SPACE.

RUSS TRIED TO PASS ON THE WARNING, BUT HALLUCINATIONS WERE BLAMED FOR HIS REMARKABLE STORY. ORDERED TO REST IN AN ISOLATION UNIT, RUSS SLIPPED AWAY TO HIS OWN QUARTERS.

IF THEY WON'T BELIEVE OUR STORY, I'M GOING TO GO OUT THERE TO THE ATTILLAN FRONT LINE AND GET EVIDENCE OF THE DANGER.

UNCHALLENGED, RUSS TOOK OFF IN HIS OWN FIGHTER —




UNAUTHORISED TAKE OFF! IT'S RUSS TAUR'S SHIP — BUT HE'S ON THE SICK LIST!



I'VE LEFT A FULL REPORT ON TAPE. MAYBE THEY'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN THEY SEE ME ENTER THE UNKNOWN WORM-HOLE.


I WILL GIVE YOU YOUR COURSE CO-ORDINATES, AS THE WORM-HOLE IS NOT SHOWN BY YOUR INSTRUMENTS.





RUSS IF YOU CAN  
HEAR ME, TURN BACK.

IMPOSSIBLE! RUSS HAS ENTERED A  
WORM-HOLE: BUT THERE ISN'T  
SUPPOSED TO BE ONE WITHIN  
SPACIALS OF THIS SECTOR.



BACK TO STARBASE-ONE! WE DAREN'T ENTER AN UNKNOWN WORM-HOLE WITHOUT A PROPER FORCE SUPPORTING US.

STAR-FORCE HIGH-COMMAND MET IMMEDIATELY, IN EMERGENCY SESSION, TO DECIDE THEIR RESPONSE TO THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WORM-HOLE.

OUR WHOLE DEFENCE STRATEGY DEPENDS ON PLUGGING WORM-HOLES. ALL FORCES WILL BE PUT ON WAR FOOTING UNTIL WE'VE DISCOVERED HOW THIS ONE EVADED DETECTION. WE ALSO ACCEPT THE REPORT LEFT BY PILOT RUSSEL TAUR, UNTIL WE HAVE MORE INFORMATION.

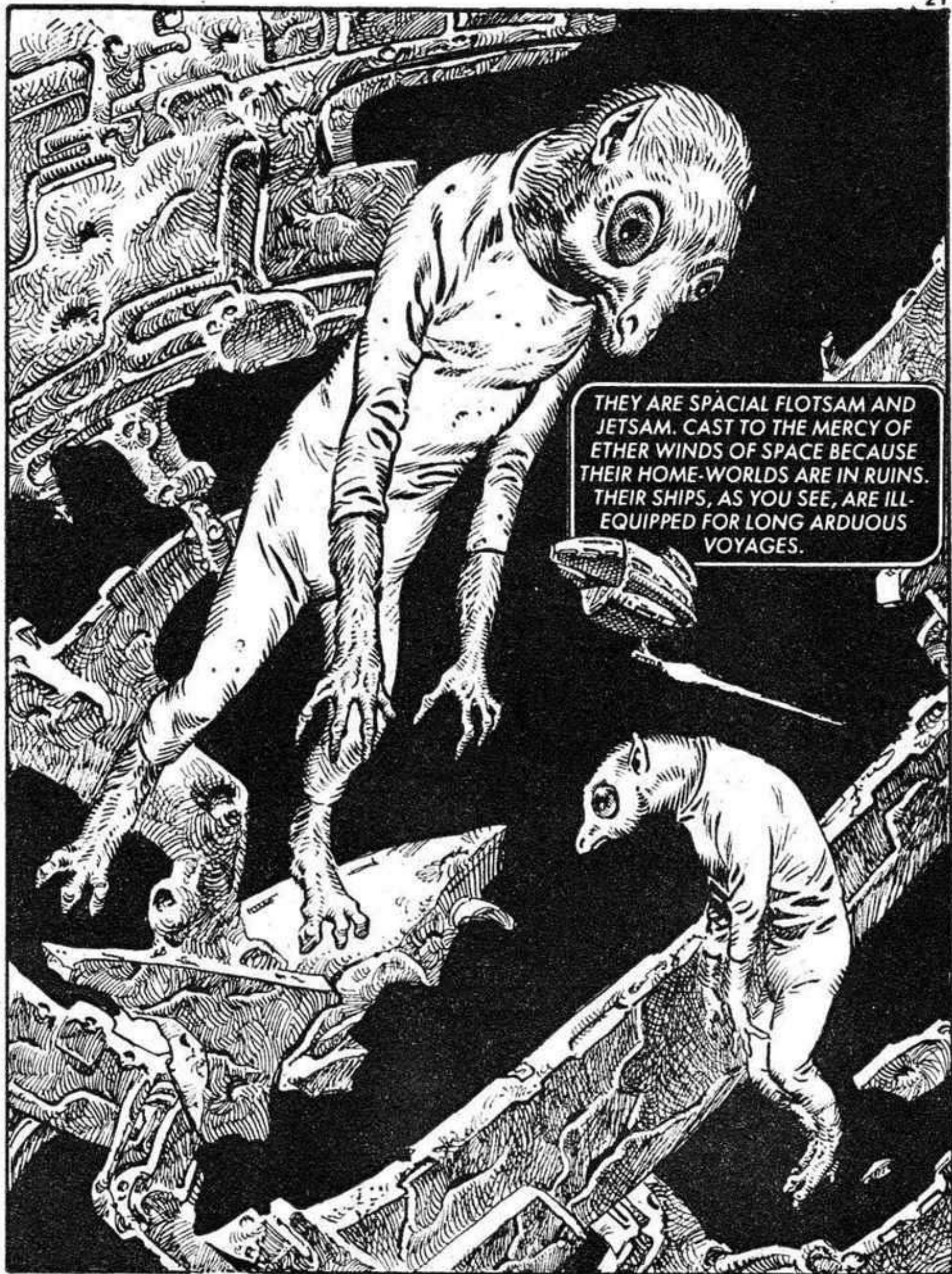


MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SPACE-TIME SECTOR OF THE GALAXY, RUSS EMERGED FROM HYPER-SPACE AMID AN ALIEN FLEET.

IS THIS THE ATTILLAN  
BATTLE FLEET?

NO RUSS! THEY ARE REFUGEES WHO FLEE  
AHEAD OF THE WAVE OF DESTRUCTION,  
DOOMED TO AN ENDLESS SEARCH FOR  
SAFETY UNLESS THE ATTILLAN WARLORDS  
CAN BE STOPPED.





THEY ARE SPACIAL FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. CAST TO THE MERCY OF ETHER WINDS OF SPACE BECAUSE THEIR HOME-WORLDS ARE IN RUINS. THEIR SHIPS, AS YOU SEE, ARE ILL-EQUIPPED FOR LONG ARDUOUS VOYAGES.




RUSS SET HIS COURSE, AGAINST THE TIDE OF REFUGEE SHIPS, TO GET FIRST-HAND DATA ON THE ATTILLAN STRENGTHS AS THEY ATTACKED SELECTED CRAFT.

JUPE! I NEVER THOUGHT TO SEE A WARSHIP THAT SIZE OUTSIDE OF STAR-FORCE. WE'D HAVE OUR WORK CUT OUT AGAINST A FLEET OF THOSE CRAFT.

WHY IS HE ATTACKING THAT FREIGHTER?

THE ATTILLAN NEEDS NO REASON TO DESTROY. IT IS HIS BASIC WAY OF LIFE.



THE ATTILLAN WAS  
UNPREPARED FOR  
RUSS'S SUDDEN  
ATTACK, AND  
RECEIVED SEVERE  
DAMAGE —

LET'S SEE HOW THE BULLY-BOY'S  
ARMOUR STANDS UP CLOSE IN.



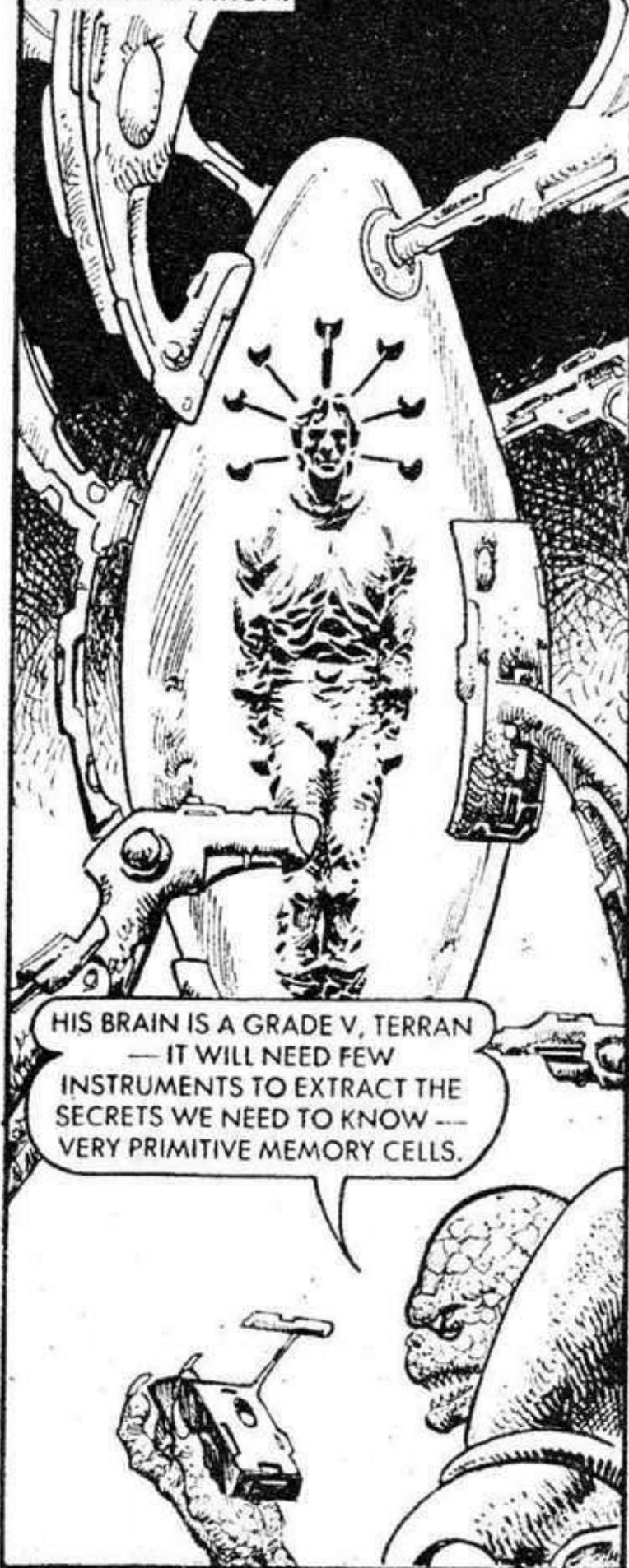
THE ATTILAN CAPTAIN DID NOT TAKE LONG TO RECOVER FROM THE SURPRISE ATTACK.

ACTIVATE THE BRYTHORN-BUFFER RAY! I WANT THIS UNIDENTIFIED ATTACKER BROUGHT TO ME ALIVE!

THE BRYTHORN BUFFER RAY ENCLOSED A SHIP IN AN ELECTRONIC MESH, CAUSING A TOTAL SYSTEMS FAILURE.

SHIP'S HELD FAST, CAN'T MOVE MYSELF. STAR-FORCE NEED TO KNOW THAT THE WEAPON SYSTEMS ARE IN ADVANCE OF OURS... IF I LIVE TO TELL THE TALE!

THE ATTILANS DREW THE HELPLESS FIGHTER-SHIP INTO THEIR HOLD, AND EXTRACTED RUSS FOR EXAMINATION.



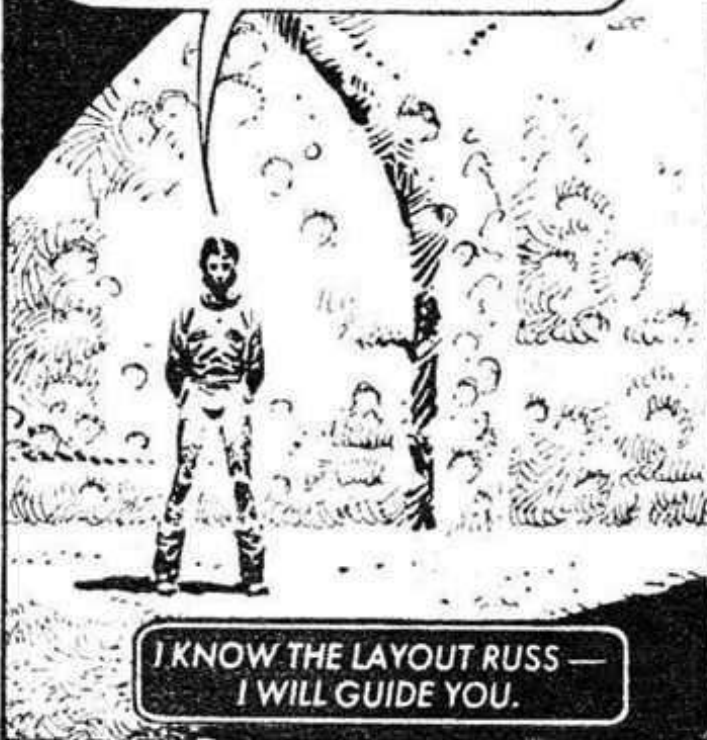
HIS BRAIN IS A GRADE V, TERRAN — IT WILL NEED FEW INSTRUMENTS TO EXTRACT THE SECRETS WE NEED TO KNOW — VERY PRIMITIVE MEMORY CELLS.

KEEP CALM, RUSS. I HAVE TAKEN THE VITAL PART OF YOUR MEMORY INTO MY SECTION OF YOUR BRAIN FOR SAFE KEEPING. THEIR EQUIPMENT CANNOT PROBE DUPLICATE SYSTEMS.



THE ATTILAN STORED RUSS IN A SHIP-BOARD LOCK-UP WHILE HE COULD BE SUBJECTED TO THE REFINED EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE AT THEIR BATTLE-STAR BASE.

I'VE GOT A CAPSULE OF MOLECULAR-DISRUPTION HIDDEN IN MY BOOT — THAT CAN GET US OUT OF HERE. THEN WE TRY TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE SHIP IF YOU KNOW THE WAY.



I KNOW THE LAYOUT RUSS — I WILL GUIDE YOU.



THE SPRAY DISRUPTED THE FORCE THAT CAUSED MOLECULES TO BIND TOGETHER.







RUSS'S DISAPPEARANCE HAD BEEN NOTICED —

HOLA! THE STRANGE ONE IS AT  
LARGE! SHOOT TO DISABLE BUT DO  
NOT DESTROY IT!



WE'VE STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST!  
ANY IDEAS ABOUT A HIDING PLACE  
NUMBER TWO BRAIN?

YOUR CONTINUED DEFIANCE OF  
IMPOSSIBLE ODDS IS OUTSIDE MY  
EXPERIENCE. I CANNOT HELP YOU.



SURRENDER, STRANGE ONE. YOU  
ARE POWERLESS AGAINST ME WITHOUT A WEAPON.



YOU RECKONED WITHOUT MY  
OFFENSIVE SHOULDER.





NOW TO FIND SOMEWHERE  
TO HIDE.



AFTER A LONG FLIGHT —

I'M LOST —  
AND CORNERED.



THERE'S SOME SORT OF GRAVITY CHUTE  
HERE. IT'S A CHOICE OF THE GUARDS AT  
OUR BACK OR THE UNKNOWN AT THE END  
OF THE CHUTE, SO HERE GOES —



RUSS PLUNGED DOWN THE  
SHAFT —



— ONLY TO LAND AT THE FEET OF TWO GUARDS.




WELCOME TO THE PRISON HOLD,  
STRANGE ONE. YOU SAVED US THE  
TROUBLE OF BRINGING YOU HERE!





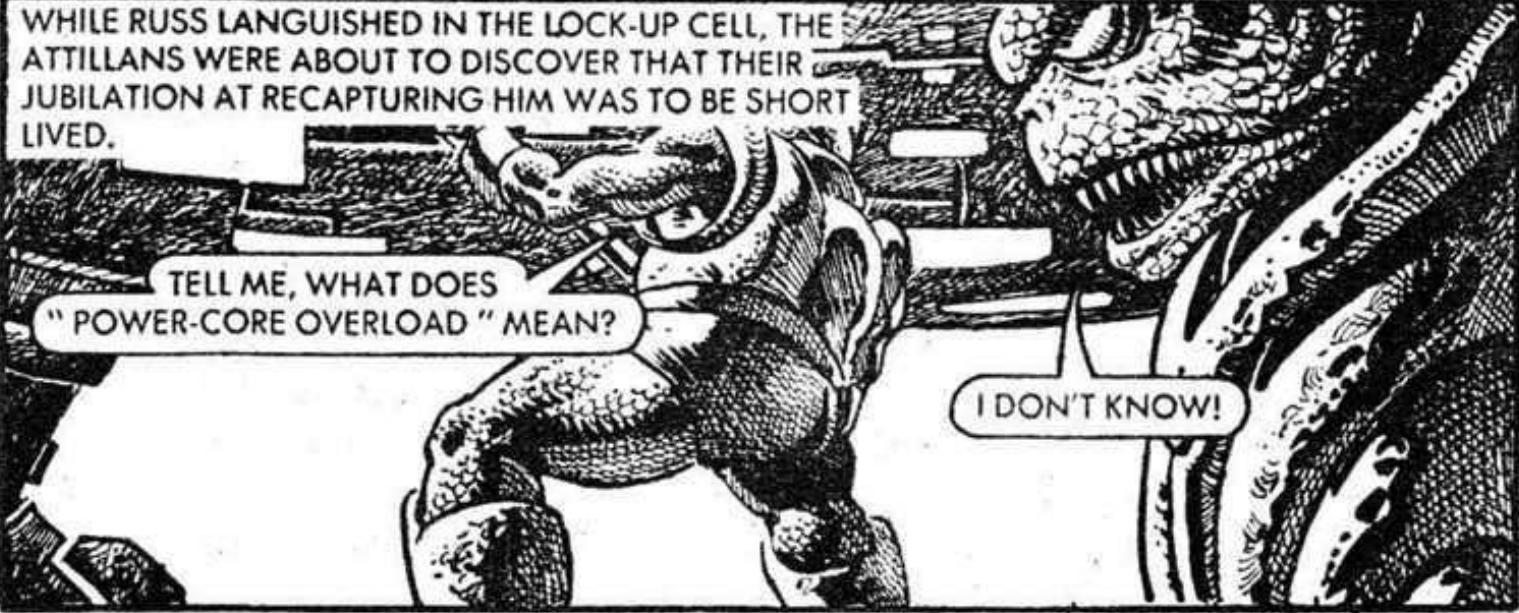




I WOULDN'T HAVE RISKED THAT SABOTAGE  
WITH THE OLD SHIP IF I'D KNOWN ALL  
THESE INNOCENT ALIENS WERE ON  
BOARD. YOU SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME  
NUMBER TWO BRAIN.

BE CALM! THE ATILLANS ONLY TAKE  
IMPORTANT PRISONERS, THE REST THEY  
SLAUGHTER — THEREFORE WE ARE  
SAFEGUARDED WELL, AS YOU'LL SEE.

WHILE RUSS LANGUISHED IN THE LOCK-UP CELL, THE  
ATTILLANS WERE ABOUT TO DISCOVER THAT THEIR  
JUBILATION AT RECAPTURING HIM WAS TO BE SHORT  
LIVED.



TELL ME, WHAT DOES  
"POWER-CORE OVERLOAD" MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW!



THE ATTILLAN GUARDS NEVER FOUND OUT, BECAUSE THE POWER CORE EXPLODED CAUSING MUCH DAMAGE—



THE EXPLOSION CREATED ALARM IN THE ATTILLAN CONTROL ROOM.

OVER FIFTY PER CENT OF OUR  
SYSTEMS ARE CRITICAL. I ORDER —  
ABANDON SHIP!

THE SHOCK-WAVE OF THE EXPLOSION REACHED THE PRISON HOLD BUT NO IMMEDIATE DAMAGE WAS SUSTAINED.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS SHIP IS NOT WORTH THE DEATH OF ALL THESE INNOCENT PRISONERS.

I SAID, KEEP CALM.



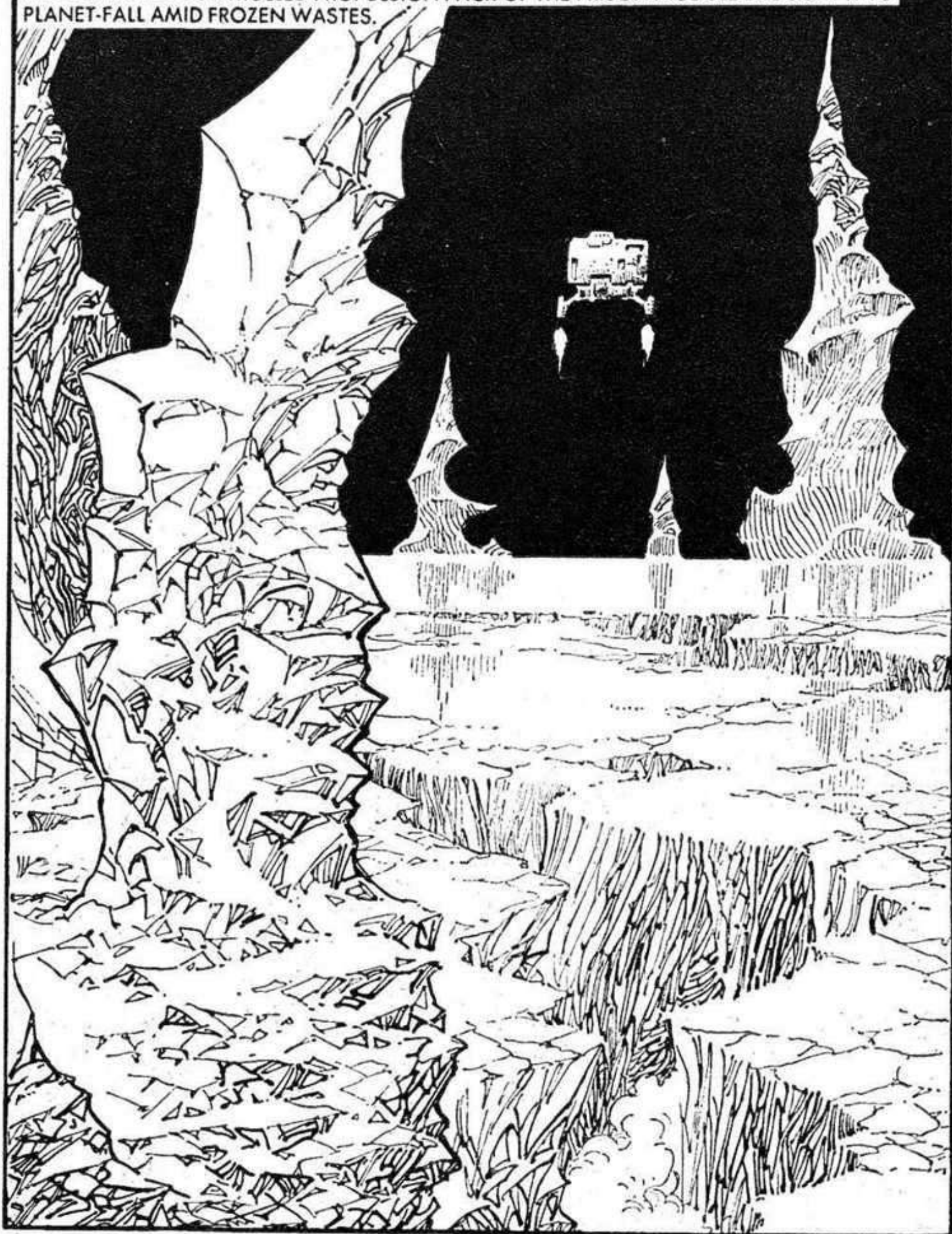


THE ABANDON SHIP PROCEDURE INCLUDED EJECTING ALL INTACT CARGO HOLDS, ALONG WITH THE LIFEBOATS.

THAT JOLT YOU FELT WAS OUR PRISON MODULE BEING EJECTED CLEAR OF THE DAMAGED SHIP.

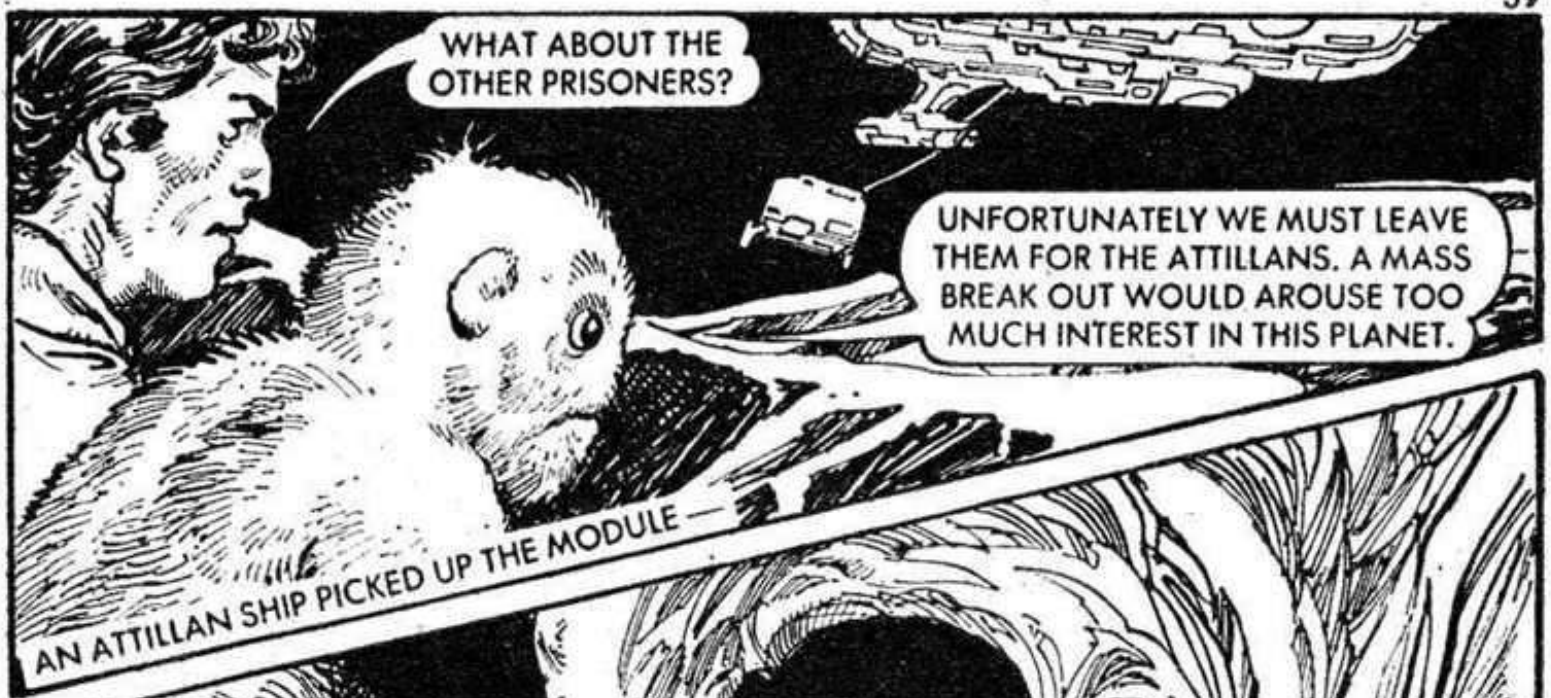
THE MODULE IS PRE-PROGRAMMED TO LAND ON THE NEAREST PLANET, TO AWAIT RETRIEVAL. AN ATTILAN PATROL-SHIP WILL ALREADY BE RESPONDING TO THE BATTLE-SHIP'S DISTRESS CALL.

THE COMPUTER CONTROLLED PROPULSION PACK OF THE PRISON MODULE BROUGHT IT TO PLANET-FALL AMID FROZEN WASTES.










WHAT ABOUT THE  
OTHER PRISONERS?

A man with dark, wavy hair and a beard is shown in profile, looking towards the right. Next to him is a monkey with a large, round head and a small body, also looking in the same direction. In the background, a large, complex ship with multiple sections and a smaller module attached is flying in the sky.

UNFORTUNATELY WE MUST LEAVE  
THEM FOR THE ATTILLANS. A MASS  
BREAK OUT WOULD AROUSE TOO  
MUCH INTEREST IN THIS PLANET.

AN ATTILLAN SHIP PICKED UP THE MODULE —



A man and a monkey are walking through a dense, rocky jungle. The man is in the foreground, and the monkey is slightly behind him. They are both looking towards the right. In the background, there is a large, dark, arched opening in the rock face. A small figure of a person is visible walking away from the opening. The jungle is filled with large, jagged rocks and thick, leafy plants.

THIS IS MY NATIVE PLANET, VARDY.  
IT IS THE ONLY HOPE FOR  
FREEDOM FROM THE ATTILLANS.  
WITH LUCK WE  
WON'T BE MISSED.



ONCE THE ATTILLAN SHIP HAD GONE, BOULDO LED RUSS TOWARDS ONE OF THE MIST-FILLED RAVINES WHICH WERE A COMMON SURFACE FEATURE OF THE PLANET VARDY.



AN AMAZING CIVILISATION EXISTED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, THE LAND AND WATERS KEPT WARM BY THE BLANKET OF MIST ABOVE.








THERE'S IMPRESSIVE FIRE-POWER HERE,  
BUT ARE THE VARDANS REALLY FRIENDS?

WHAT LITTLE THAT IS KNOWN  
OF VARDY, IS FAVOURABLE.



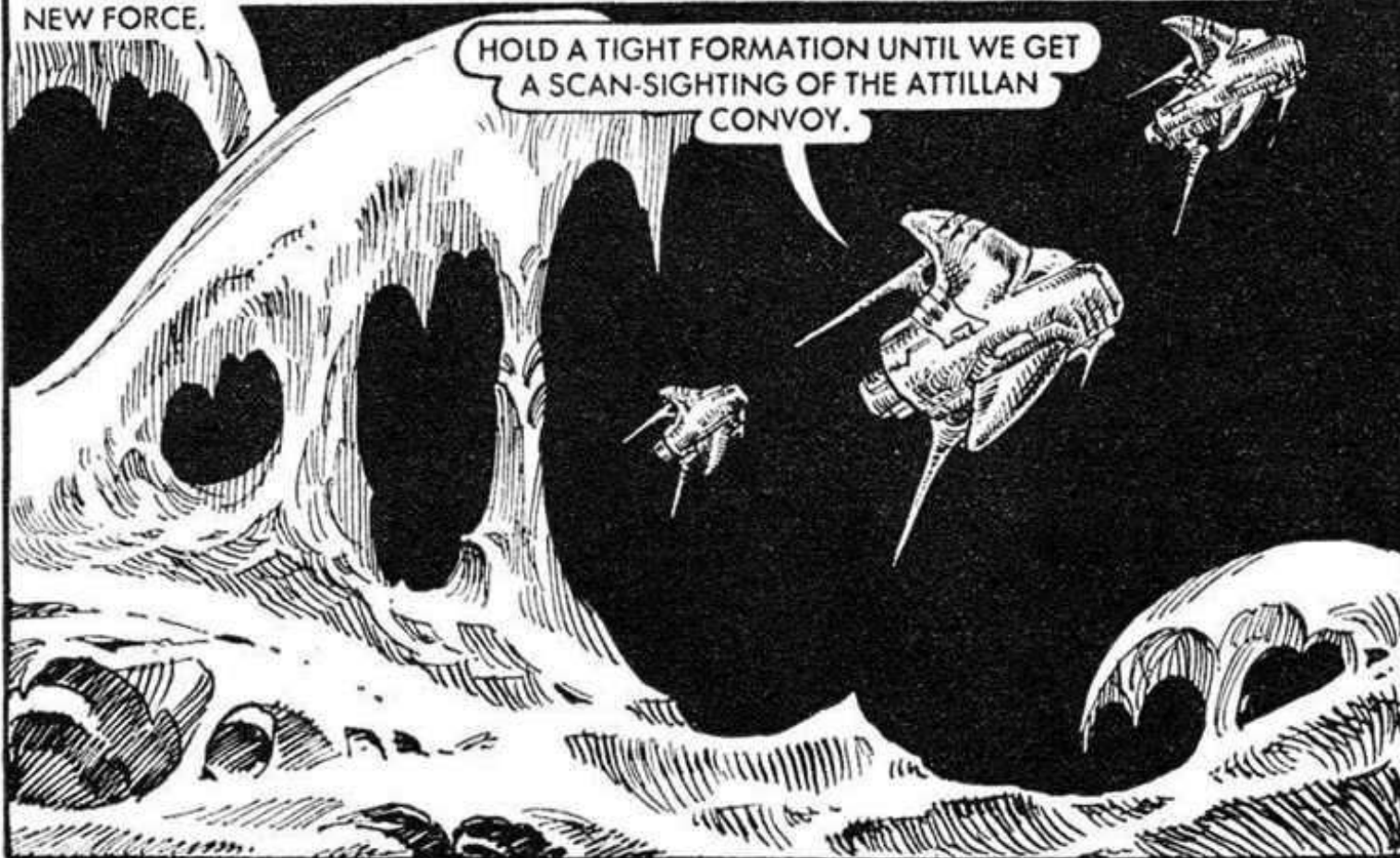
BOULDO HAS BROUGHT YOU BECAUSE  
WE HAVE NEED OF FIGHTING MEN WITH  
SPACE EXPERIENCE. WILL YOU JOIN OUR  
FORCES?

WHEN DO I START?

RUSS WAS SHOWN VARDAN TECHNOLOGY AND THE WEAPON SYSTEMS WERE EXPLAINED.



AFTER EXTENSIVE DISCUSSIONS, RUSS AND THE VARDANS FELT READY TO BLOOD THEIR NEW FORCE.





THERE'S THE TARGET! A SUPPLY  
CONVOY, TAKING VITRON FLUID  
TO THE WEAPONS OF THE  
ATTILLAN FRONT LINE BATTLE-  
STAR.



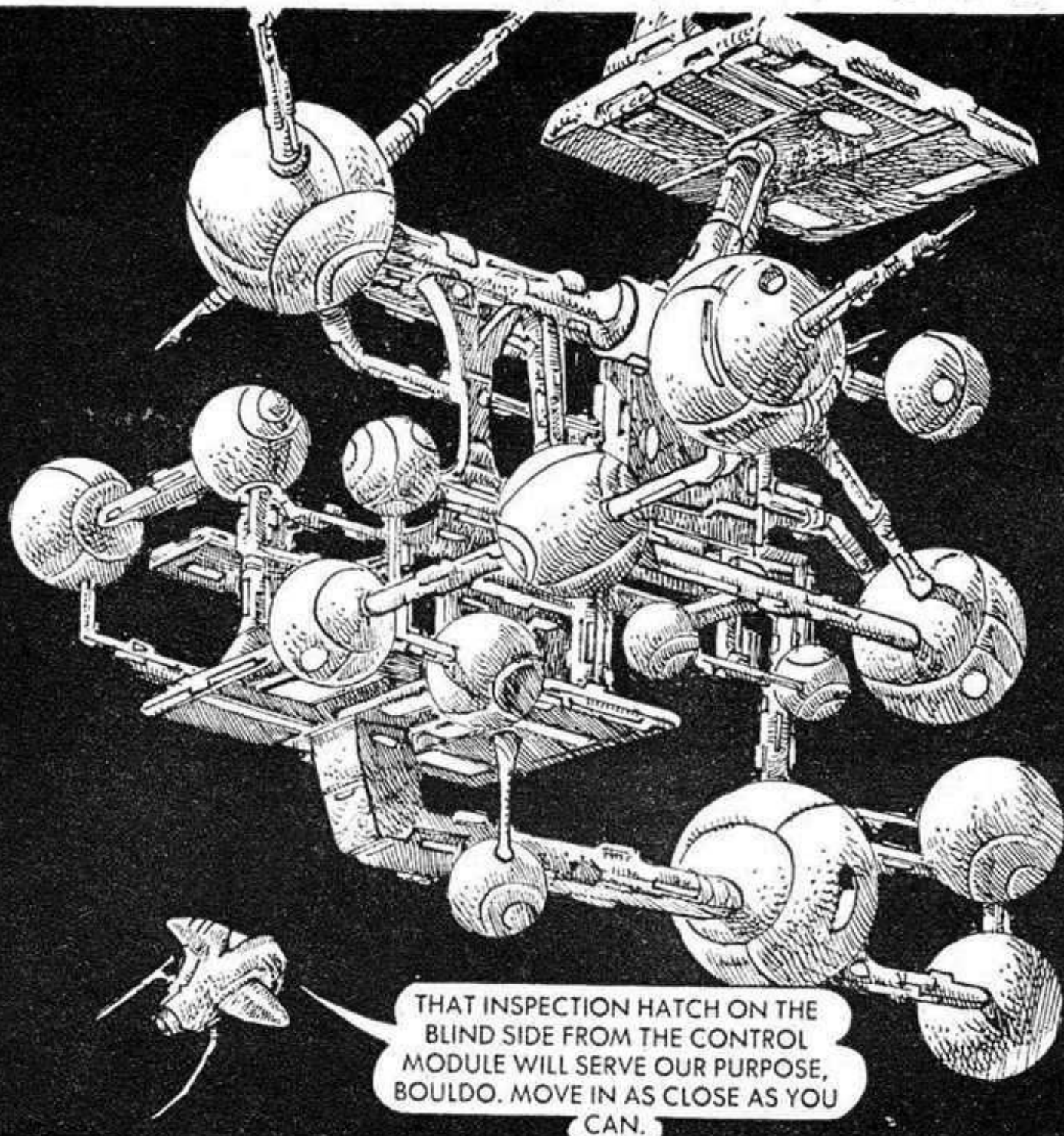
THE VARDAN SQUADRON DREW THE ESCORT FIGHTERS AWAY FROM THE ATTILLAN CONVOY  
WHILE RUSS AND BOULDO APPROACHED THE OPPOSITE VECTOR.

BREAK FORMATION BEFORE WE GET  
AN ATTILLAN ON OUR TAIL.



45  
RUSS AND BOULDO WERE UNDETECTED BY THE CONVOY.

ALONGSIDE THE VITRON  
TANKER, BOULDO.



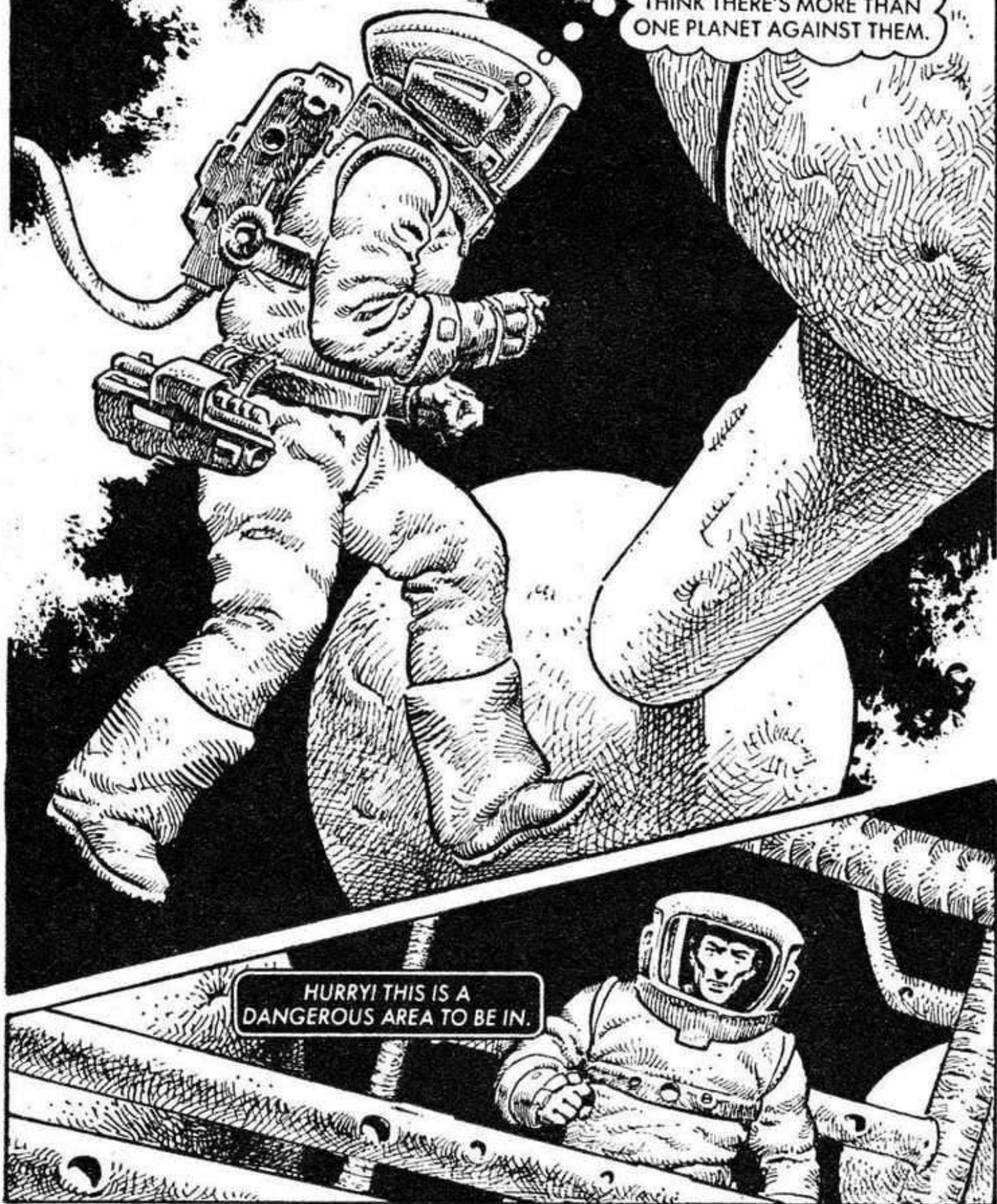
THAT INSPECTION HATCH ON THE  
BLIND SIDE FROM THE CONTROL  
MODULE WILL SERVE OUR PURPOSE,  
BOULDO. MOVE IN AS CLOSE AS YOU  
CAN.

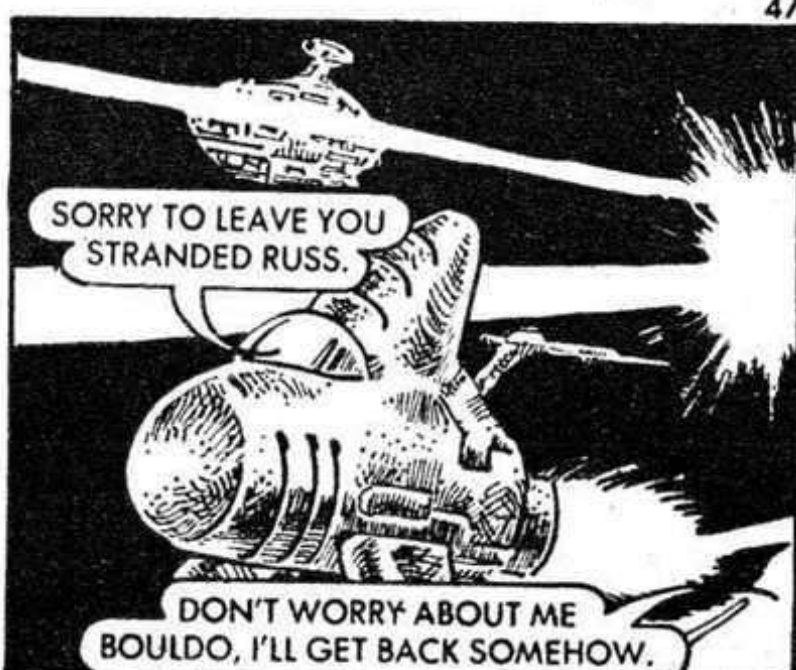


RUSS SPACEWALKED TO THE TANKER —

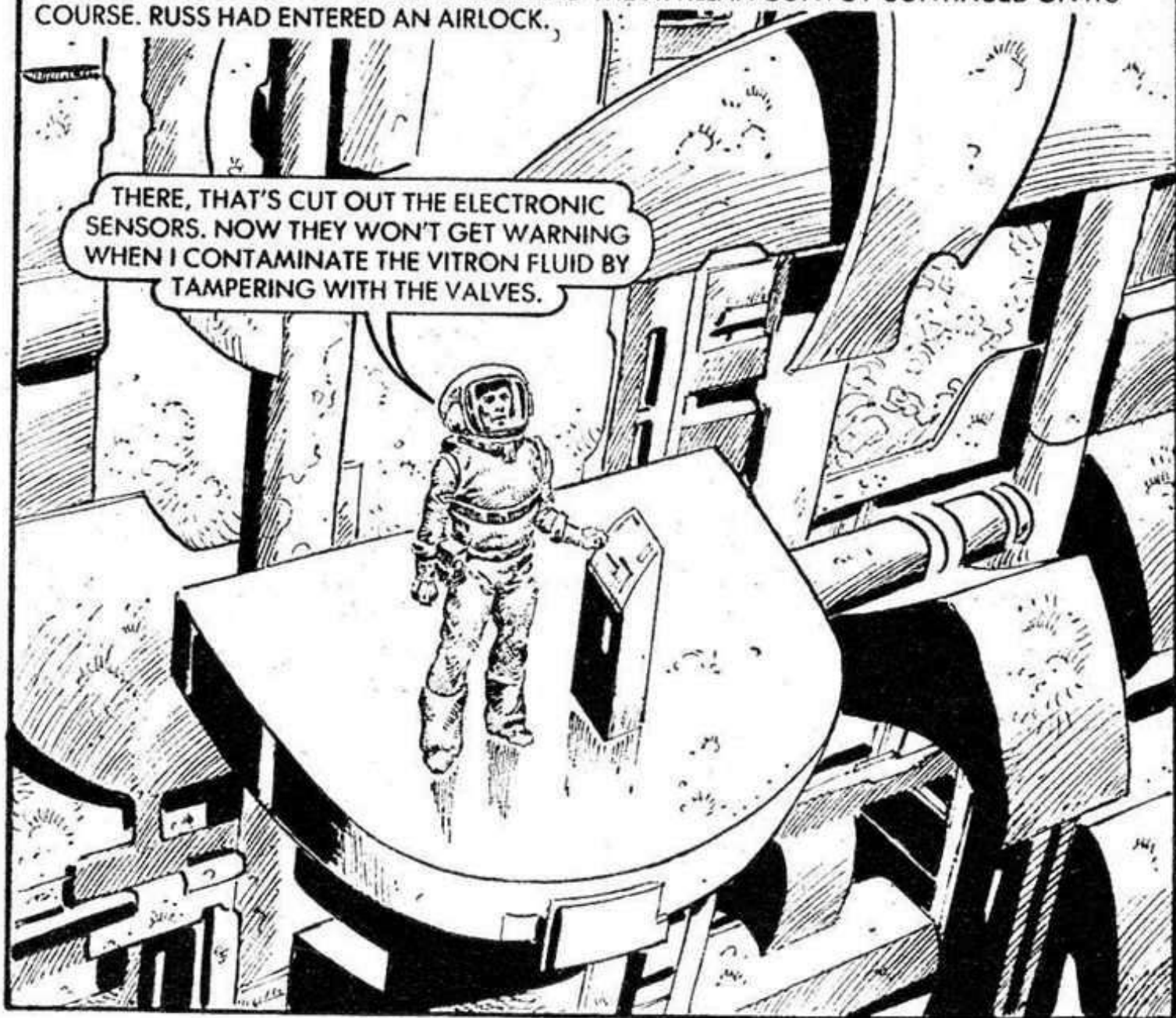
I WANT TO SABOTAGE THIS CRAFT SO THAT WHEN IT HITS PROBLEMS THE ATTILLANS THINK THERE'S MORE THAN ONE PLANET AGAINST THEM.

HURRY! THIS IS A DANGEROUS AREA TO BE IN.





THE VARDANS BROKE OFF THEIR ATTACK AND THE ATTILLAN CONVOY CONTINUED ON ITS COURSE. RUSS HAD ENTERED AN AIRLOCK.



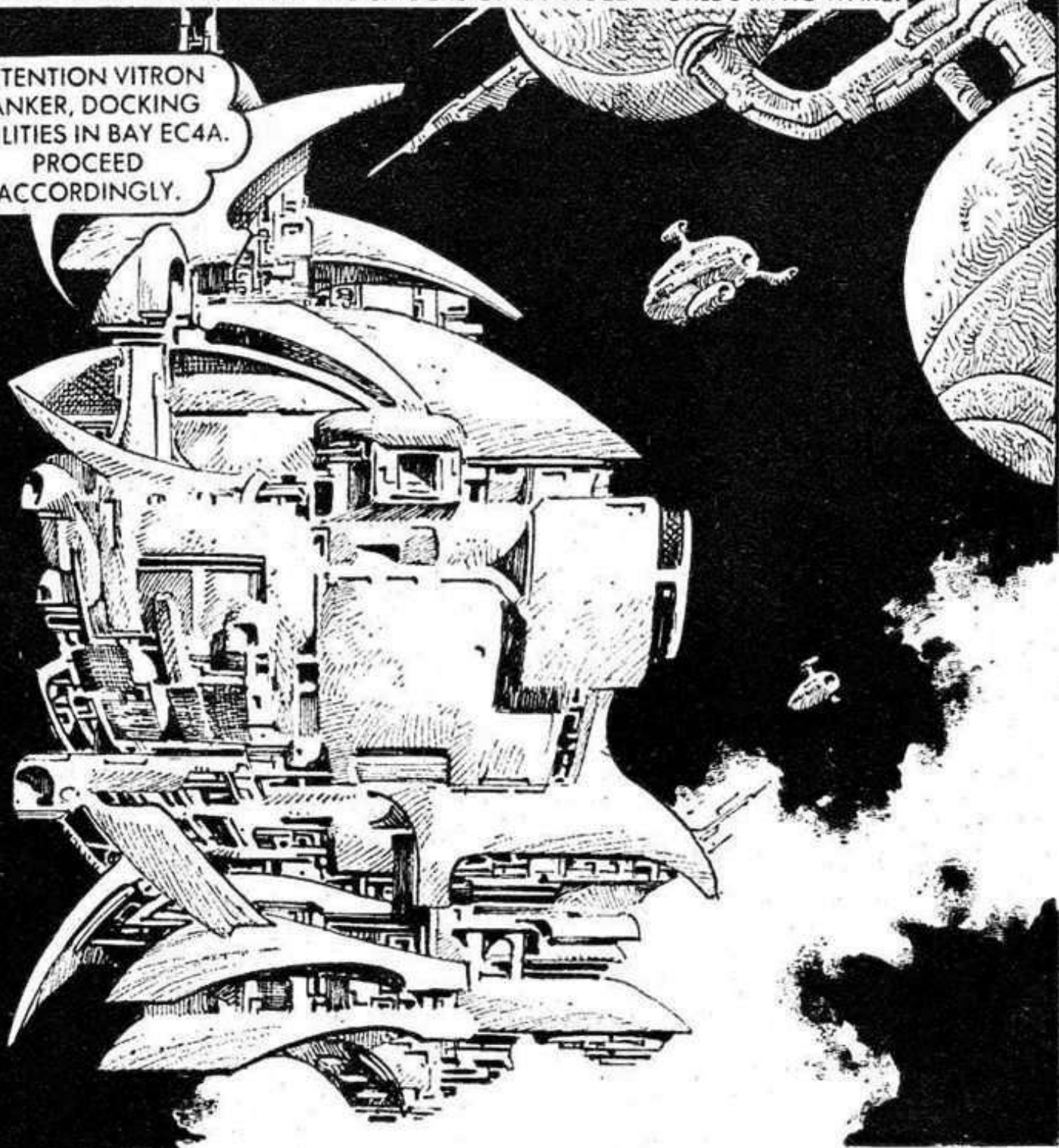


I CAN FEEL A DECREASE IN THRUST RATE. WE MUST BE NEARING THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

CHECK, NUMBER TWO BRAIN, BUT I'VE NOW INTRODUCED IMPURITIES INTO ALL THE MAIN STORAGE TANKS.

THE ATTILLAN BATTLE-STAR WAS THE CORE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCE THAT WAS HEADING TOWARDS TERRAN-SPACE WITH THE CINDERS OF RAVAGED WORLDS IN ITS WAKE.

ATTENTION VITRON TANKER, DOCKING FACILITIES IN BAY EC4A. PROCEED ACCORDINGLY.

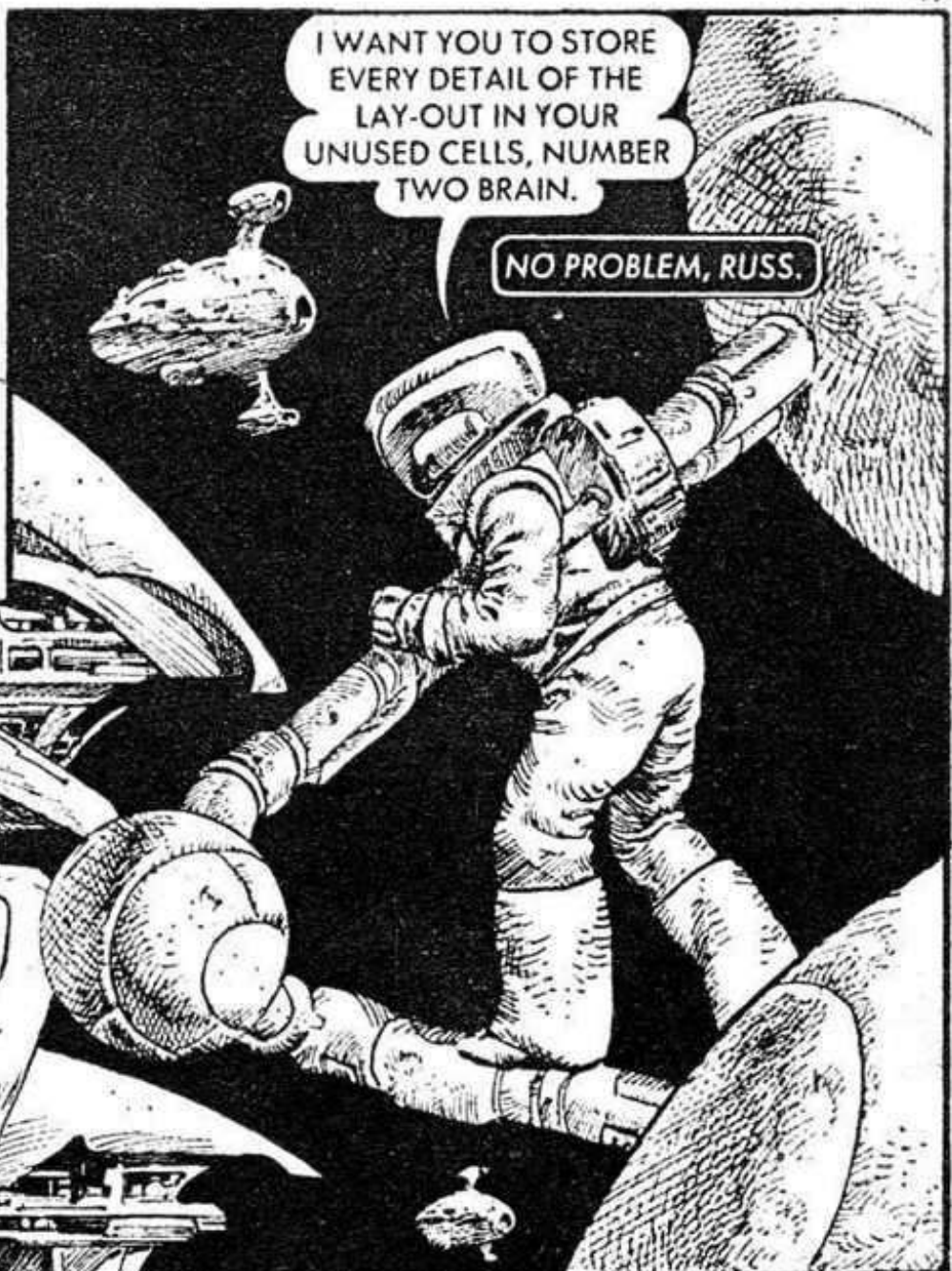


THEY'RE FEEDING THE  
CONTAMINATED VITRON  
FLUID DIRECTLY INTO THE  
BATTLE-STAR'S STORAGE  
TANKS. THEY'LL HAVE  
PROBLEMS WHEN THEY  
COME TO USE IT.

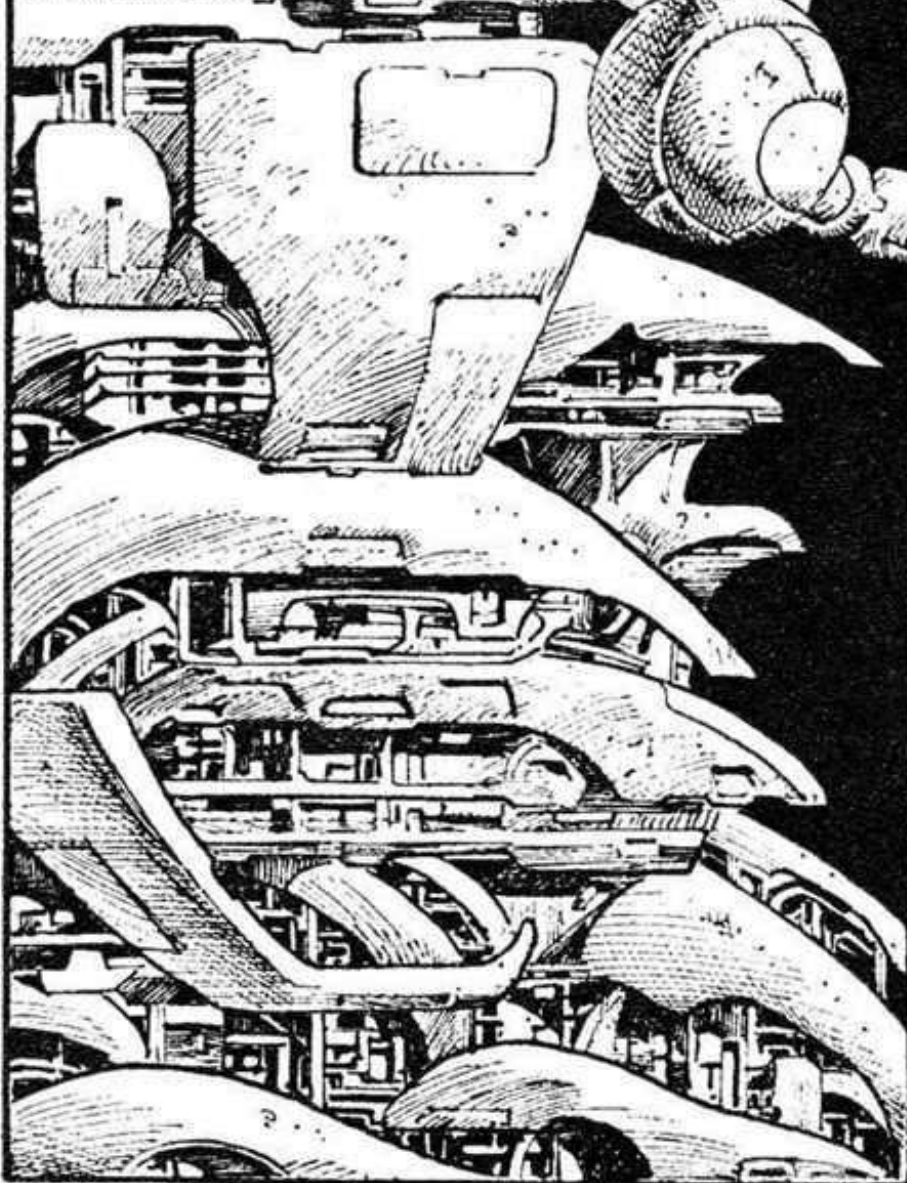


I WANT YOU TO STORE  
EVERY DETAIL OF THE  
LAY-OUT IN YOUR  
UNUSED CELLS, NUMBER  
TWO BRAIN.

NO PROBLEM, RUSS.



THE FEVERISH ACTIVITY  
AROUND THE DISCHARGING  
VITRON-TANKER, MADE IT  
EASY FOR RUSS TO STUDY THE  
BATTLE-STAR WITHOUT BEING  
CHALLENGED.



WHEN THE UNLOADING WAS  
COMPLETED, RUSS WENT BACK  
ABOARD THE VITRON-TANKER.



THESE EMPTY TANKS ARE BIG  
ENOUGH TO HOLD A SMALL  
ARMY. ARE YOU THINKING  
WHAT I'M THINKING, NUMBER  
TWO BRAIN?



THE TANKER WAS ROUTED, TO RETURN TO THE VITRON REFINERY, THROUGH THE STAR SYSTEM WHICH INCLUDED THE PLANET VARDY.

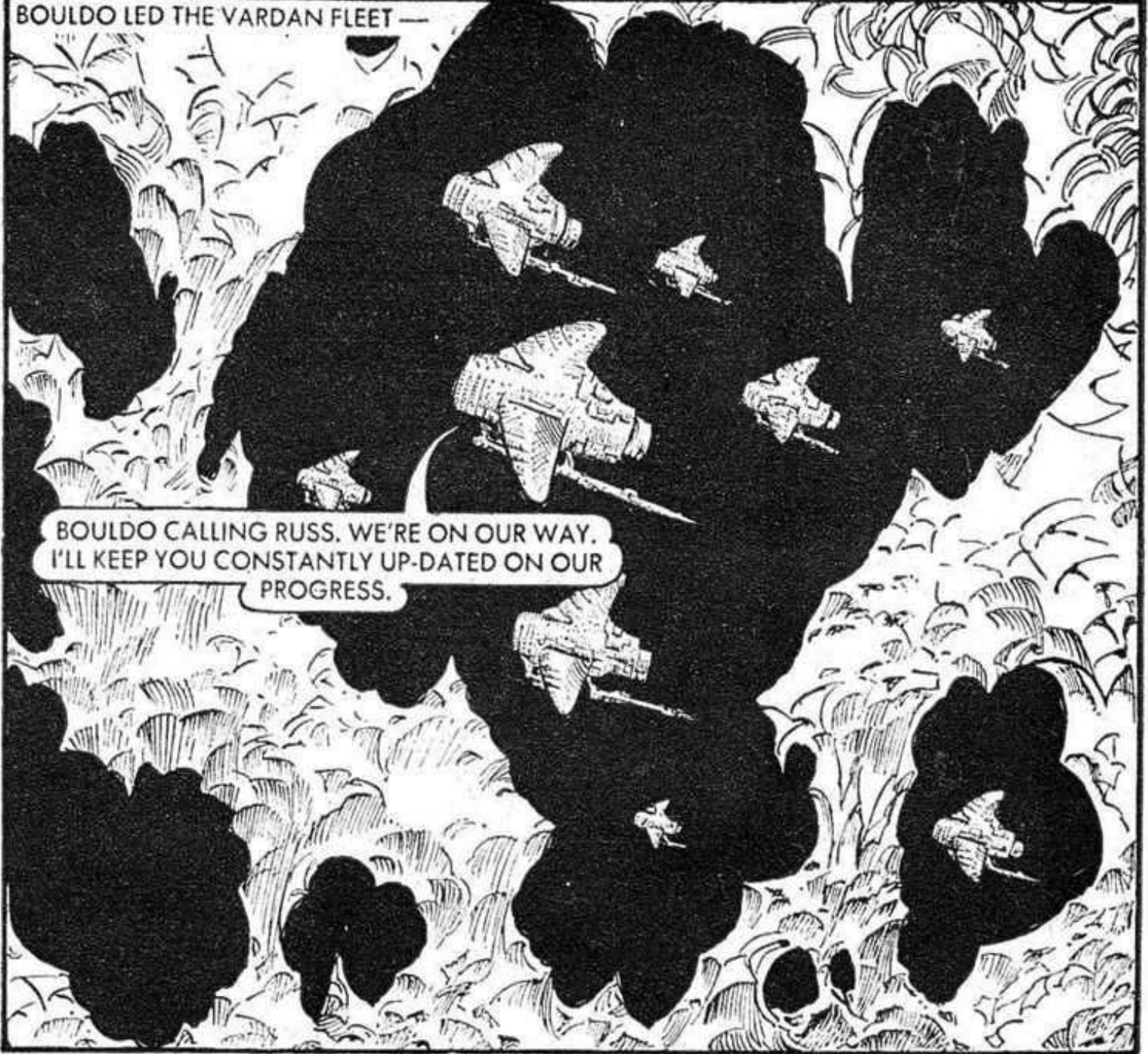
BY MY RECKONING, NUMBER TWO BRAIN,  
WE'RE APPROACHING VARDY. I'LL START  
PUTTING MY CALL-SIGN OUT ON THE  
SECRET FREQUENCY.

THE SIGNAL WAS PICKED UP —

BOULDO RECEIVING...


NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...

BOULDO LED THE VARDAN FLEET —



BOULDO CALLING RUSS. WE'RE ON OUR WAY.  
I'LL KEEP YOU CONSTANTLY UP-DATED ON OUR  
PROGRESS.

THE VARDAN ATTACK WAS AS LETHAL AS IT WAS SWIFT.



ELIMINATE THE ESCORT BUT DO  
NOT DAMAGE THE TANKER!



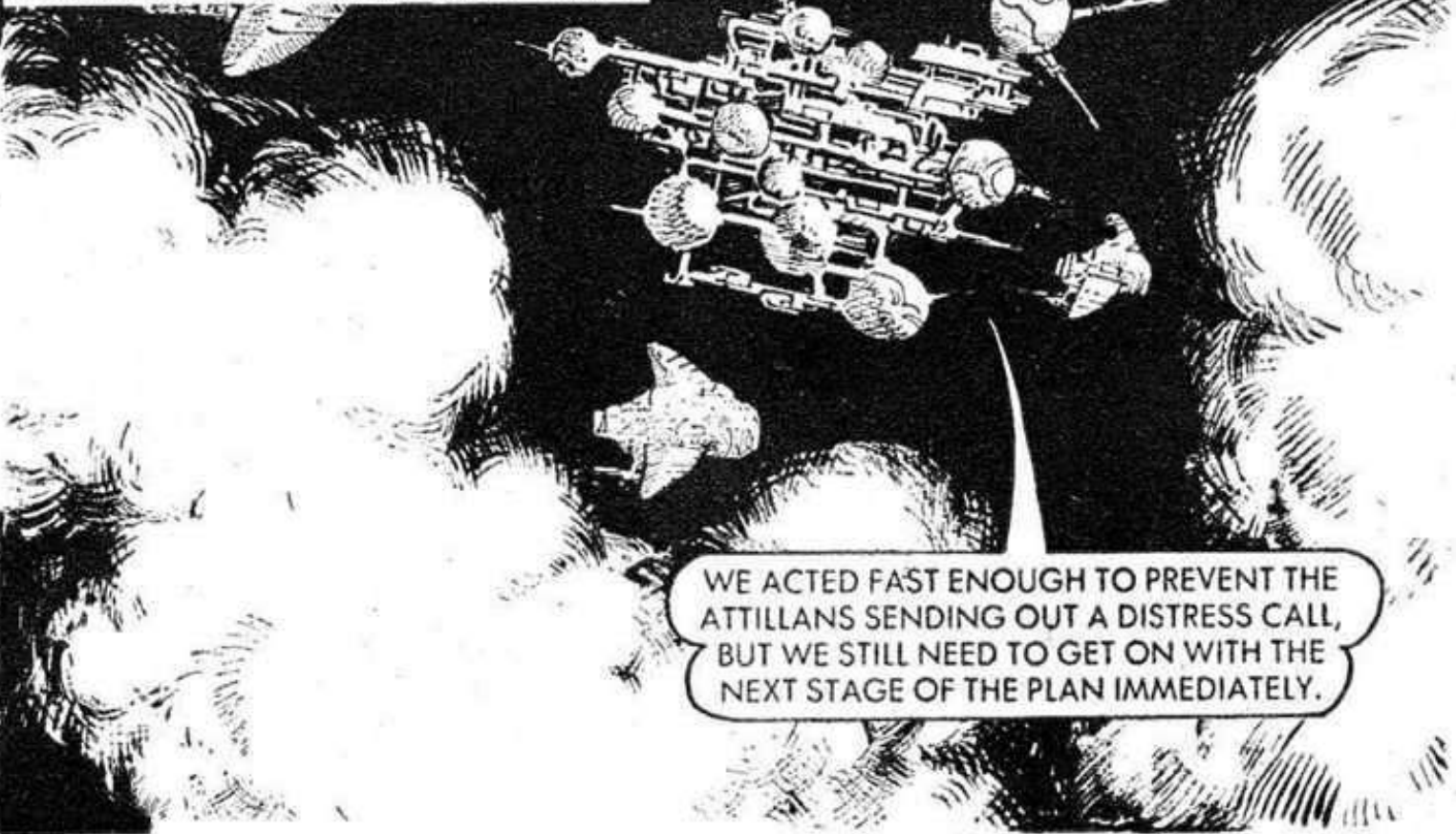
RUSS RECEIVED CONFIRMATION THAT ALL THE ATTILLAN ESCORT FIGHTERS HAD BEEN DESTROYED.

HERE GOES WITH PHASE TWO! CAN YOU THINK OF ANY SNAGS NUMBER TWO BRAIN?

I SEE LOTS OF SNAGS, BUT I KNOW YOU WON'T LISTEN TO MY ADVICE.

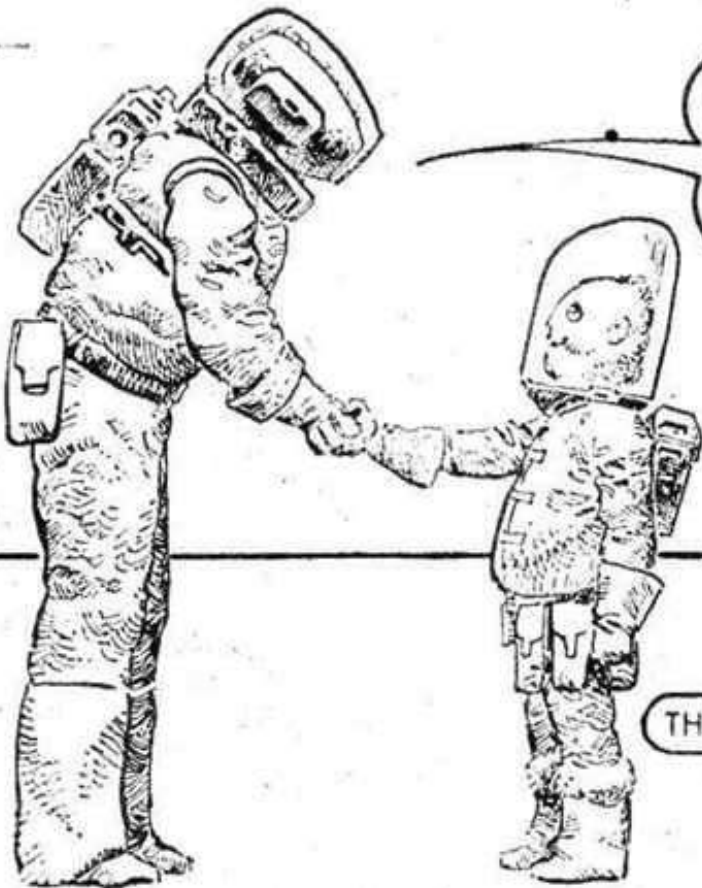


RUSS, WITH HELP FROM HIS NUMBER TWO BRAIN, PILOTED THE ATTILLAN CRAFT, TO BRING IT INTO A LOW ORBIT OF THE PLANET VARDY.



WE ACTED FAST ENOUGH TO PREVENT THE ATTILLANS SENDING OUT A DISTRESS CALL, BUT WE STILL NEED TO GET ON WITH THE NEXT STAGE OF THE PLAN IMMEDIATELY.

BOULDO JOINED RUSS —



I WANT TO USE THIS TANKER FOR AN ATTACK ON THE BATTLE-STAR ITSELF. CAN YOU RAISE A RAIDING PARTY?

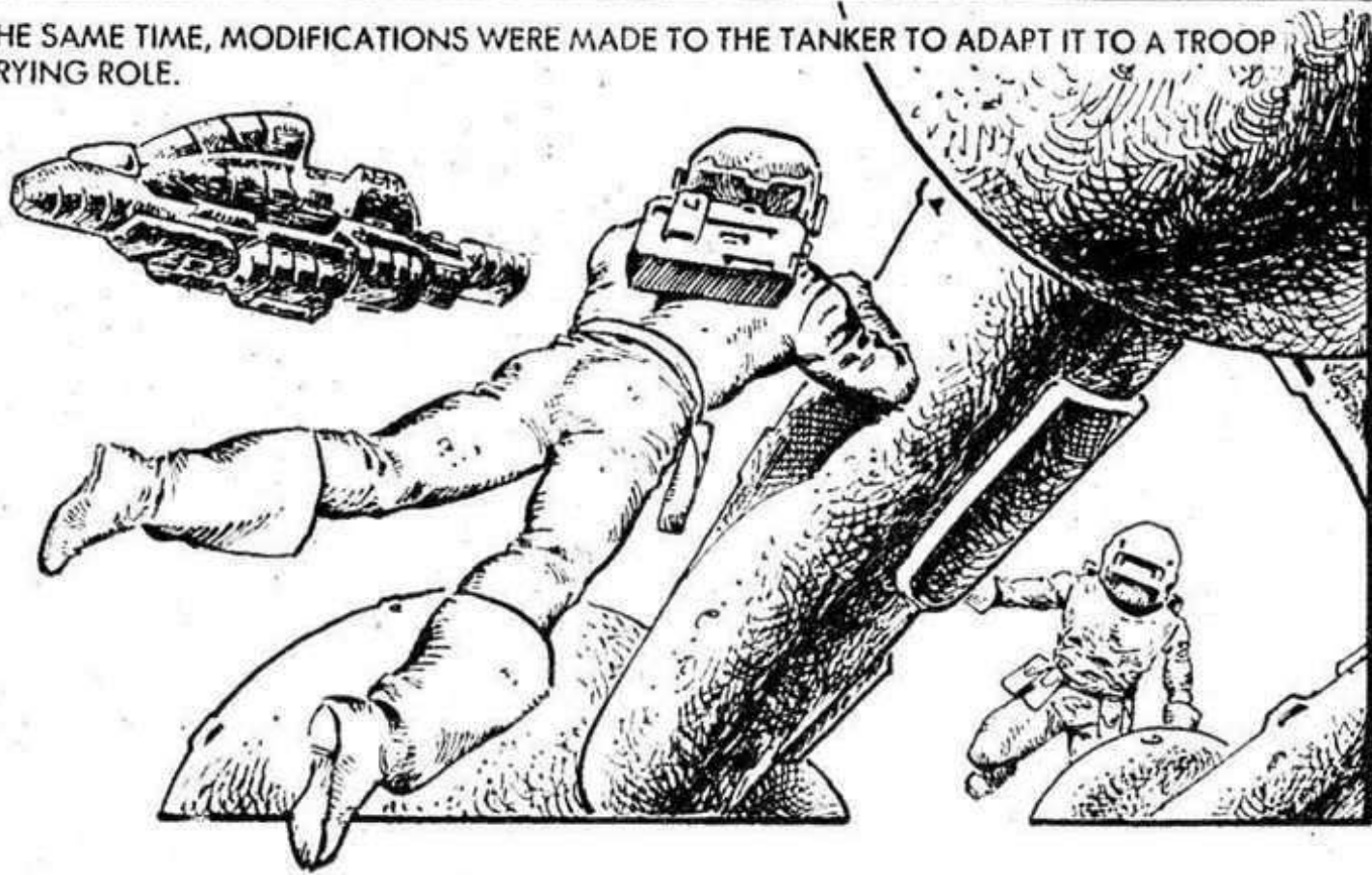
THERE'LL BE NO SHORTAGE OF VOLUNTEERS.



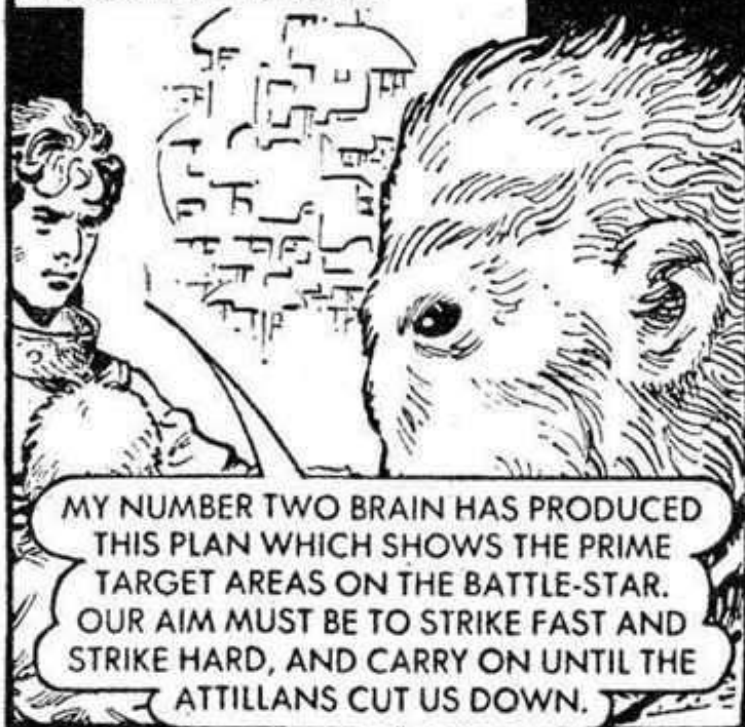
A VARDAN COMMANDO FORCE WAS RAPILY ASSEMBLED, EQUIPPED, AND FERRIED TO THE ORBITING TANKER.



AT THE SAME TIME, MODIFICATIONS WERE MADE TO THE TANKER TO ADAPT IT TO A TROOP CARRYING ROLE.



MEANWHILE, RUSS BRIEFED THE SECTION LEADERS.



MY NUMBER TWO BRAIN HAS PRODUCED THIS PLAN WHICH SHOWS THE PRIME TARGET AREAS ON THE BATTLE-STAR. OUR AIM MUST BE TO STRIKE FAST AND STRIKE HARD, AND CARRY ON UNTIL THE ATTILLANS CUT US DOWN.

ONCE WE'VE SOFTENED UP THE BATTLE-STAR, THE VARDAN FLEET WILL FOLLOW UP. IF OUR FLEET WINS THEY WILL PICK UP OUR SURVIVORS. IF THEY LOSE IT WILL BE THE END OF ALL FREEDOM IN THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY.

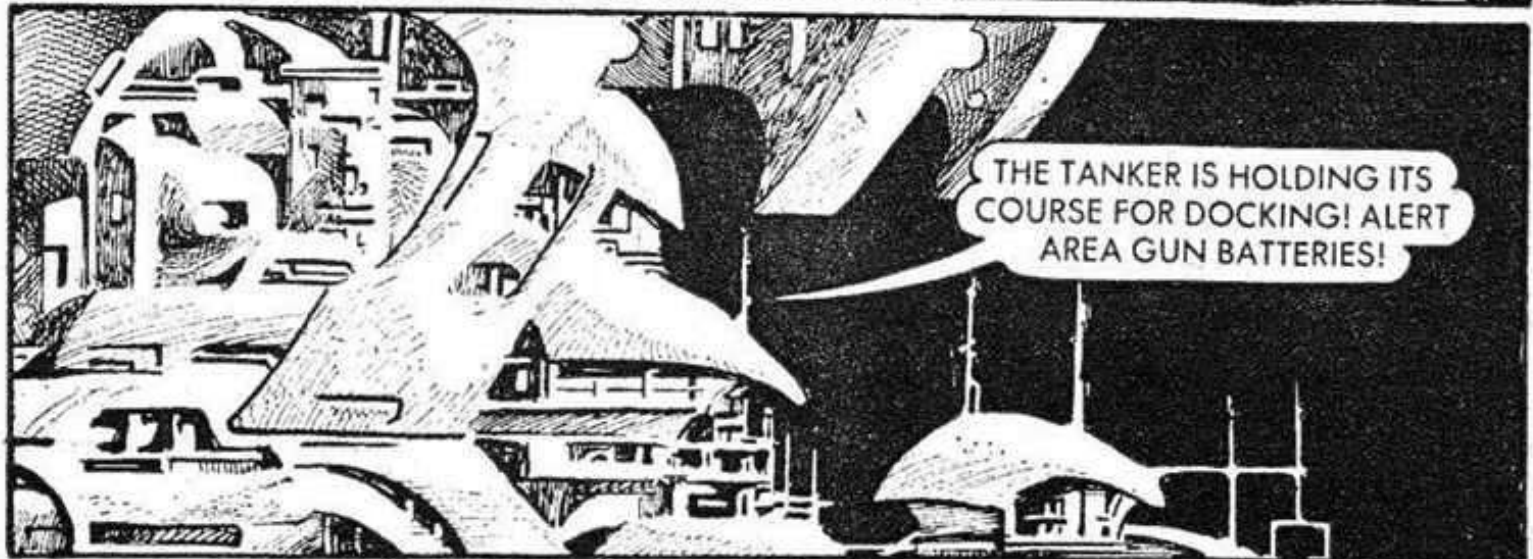


WHEN ALL THE PREPARATION WORK WAS COMPLETED, THE DESPERATE EXPEDITION SET OUT. BEFORE LONG IT WAS WITHIN VISUAL RANGE OF THE ATTILLAN FRONT-LINE BATTLE-STAR.



ATTENTION VITRON-TANKER. YOU ARE UNSCHEDULED. EXPLAIN YOUR ARRIVAL OR ELSE WE DESTROY YOU!







ATTACK! FOR VARDY  
AND A FREE GALAXY!

A LETHAL BURST OF PHOTON FIRE HIT THE VANGUARD —

OTHER UNITS FARED BETTER — UNDER COVER FROM THE ATTILLAN DEATH-FIRE.

THEY'RE READY AND  
WAITING FOR US.

WE'VE LOST THE ELEMENT OF  
SURPRISE. LET'S TRY TO ESTABLISH  
A TOE-HOLD AND FIGHT IT OUT  
FROM A CONSOLIDATED POSITION.



FIERCE FIGHTING TOOK PLACE —



THE ATTILAN SIGNAL OPERATORS FLED THROUGH AN INNER AIR-LOCK, LEAVING THEIR CONTROL DOME EMPTY FOR RUSS AND THE VARDANS.

RE-GROUP ROUND THE DOME. IT'S OUTSIDE THE TRACKING LIMITS OF THEIR BIG GUNS.

GOOD SHOOTING! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLD THIS POSITION WHILE WE TRY TO FORCE AN ENTRY INTO THE BATTLE-STAR'S INTERIOR.

LOOK HERE, THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE SHOWING UP ON THEIR VIEW-SCREENS!





STAR-FORCE HAD ARRIVED IN STRENGTH TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIOUS WORM-HOLE.



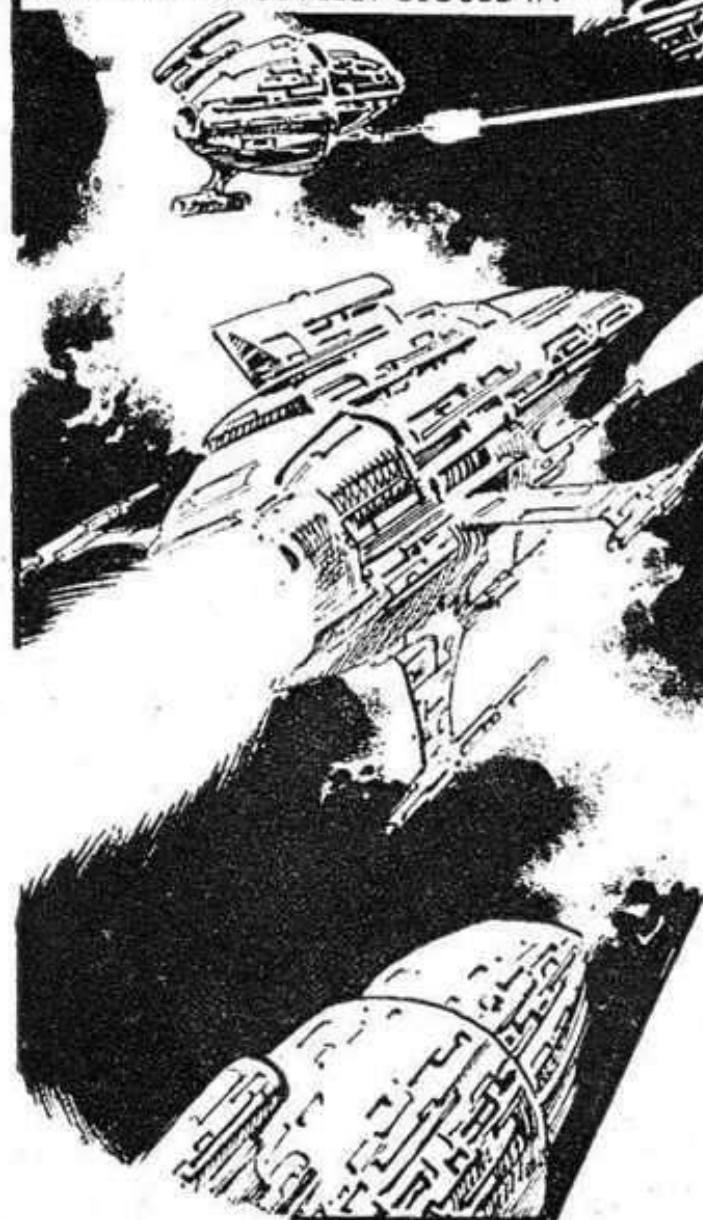
WE'VE PICKED UP A SIGNAL FROM  
RUSSEL TAUR, SIR. HE'S ENGAGED IN  
A COMMANDO RAID ON THAT  
BATTLE-STAR!

61

RUSS USED THE CAPTURED ATTILLAN TRANSMIT EQUIPMENT TO DIRECT THE FIRE POWER OF THE STAR-FORCE BATTLE FLEET.



THE STAR-FORCE FLEET CLOSED IN —



THE ATTILLANS TRIED TO COUNTER ATTACK —








WITHOUT VITRON FUEL OUR  
WEAPONS ARE USELESS. WE  
ARE POWERLESS AGAINST  
THIS FLEET.

MESSAGE FROM MY VARDAN FLEET:  
THEY ARE BETWEEN US AND THE  
ATTILLAN BATTLE FLEET, AND THEIR  
CONE OF ATTACK IS HOLDING  
STEADY.

THIS IS THE RIGHT MOMENT TO PLANT OUR  
EXPLOSIVE CHARGES INSIDE THE BATTLE-  
STAR. THE ATTILLANS ARE TOO HARD  
PRESSED TO STOP US.



SPLIT UP HERE AND PLANT THE CHARGES  
ACROSS AS WIDE AN AREA AS POSSIBLE.  
THEY'RE ALL PRE-SET TO GIVE US TIME TO  
GET BACK TO THE TANKER BEFORE THEY GO  
OFF. GOOD LUCK.



I HAVE CONTACT WITH OTHERS OF MY RACE WHO ARE PRISONERS ON THE BATTLE-STAR.

GIVE ME DIRECTIONS AND I'LL TRY TO GET THEM OUT BEFORE THE EXPLOSIVES BLOW.



MY BLASTER WILL DEAL WITH THE PRISON DOOR AS EFFECTIVELY AS IT DEALT WITH THE GUARD.



RUSS VAPED THE DOOR —



THE EVACUATION INTO THE EMPTY TANKER WAS COMPLETED WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM THE ATILLANS, WHO WERE CONCENTRATING THEIR TOTAL EFFORTS AGAINST THE ATTACKING STAR-FORCE.



ADMIRAL,  
I'M GOING TO  
TRY AND BRING  
MY PARTY OUT  
IN THE TANKER,  
CAN YOU

GIVE ME COVERING  
FIRE?



CHECK. WE'LL DO  
WHAT WE  
CAN.

RUSS FOUND A SAFE CORRIDOR THROUGH THE BURNING TANGLE OF  
CROSS-FIRE THAT SURROUNDED  
THE BATTLE-STAR.



WE MADE IT WITHOUT A SCRATCH  
ON THE PAINTWORK.

THERE ARE SEVERAL OF YOUR  
TERRAN SECONDS STILL TO PASS  
BEFORE OUR CHARGES GO OFF.


THE CAREFULLY PLANTED CHARGES  
RIPPED THROUGH THE CENTRAL  
JUNCTION BOX LINKAGE OF THE  
BATTLE-STAR FLIGHT-CONTROL  
NETWORK.

WITH THE FLIGHT-CONTROL NETWORK IN DISARRAY,  
THE ATTILLAN BATTLE-STAR WAS UNABLE TO PREVENT  
CONCERTED MISSILE SALVOS FROM STRIKING DEEP  
INTO ITS VITALS, WITH INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES.

THAT'S THE CENTRE-PIECE OF THEIR ATTACK  
FORCE GONE! THE REST WILL BE ROUTINE.



WITHOUT BATTLE-STAR, THE REMNANTS OF THE ATTILLAN FORCE DISPERSED INTO THE VASTNESS OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE, NEVER TO BE A FIGHTING FORCE AGAIN.



I MUST REJOIN STAR-FORCE, BUT FIRST, LET ME RETURN MY NUMBER TWO BRAIN TO THE SAFE KEEPING OF ITS OWN PEOPLE.

THE VARDANS ORGANISED THE RESETTLEMENT OF THE WORLDS. FREED FROM THE ATTILLAN OVERLORDS, WHILE STAR-FORCE RE-INFORCED THE PERIMETER DEFENCES OF TERRAN FEDERATION CONTROLLED SPACE. RUSS'S CHANCE ENCOUNTER WITH A DYING ALIEN HAD SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY PEACE-LOVING RACES.

DON'T FORGET TO READ THIS MONTH'S

... OTHER

# STARBLAZER

SPACE ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 86

THIS SPACECRAFT IS  
DOOMED, AND THE ONLY  
PERSON WHO COULD SAVE IT  
AND THE EARTH FEDERATION IS

## THE Cosmic Outlaw

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSAGENT'S



# STARBLAZER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY CANIS MAJOR

SIRIUS, the Dog Star, is in the constellation of Canis Major, and is the brightest star in the sky. This star of the Southern Hemisphere lies 8.6 light years away.

